

THE

WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 47.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



"ISHMAEL . . . a wild man; his . . . hand against every man, and every man's hand against him."

(See article on p. 4.)

** OUR **

INDIA RELIEF BANK.

What We are Doing to Help the Famine
People After the Monsoons Came.

By MAJOR NIRBHITA.

The existing relief operations for the feeding of the starving people, which are on a large scale, would only prolong the sufferings of the people, were it not that steps are also taken to supply them with the necessary means to enable them to cultivate their fields.

All our people go in for cultivation in the monsoons, but the famine having denied them of their resources, will leave their fields uncultivated, not for the want of rain, but for the want of the means to get the land under cultivation. To meet this the Army has now opened in twenty-eight of the most distressed villages Industrial Banks, and 750 families have already been advanced small sums of money. This will guarantee the cultivation of their fields at the least, the proceeds of which will keep them going till the next season. We need not say that this has been very much appreciated. Hundreds have lost their ploughs, cattle, and buffaloes, and the advance received from the Army will help them through this difficulty. It is estimated that in Gujarat alone 1,300,000 head of cattle have died.

What Our Army Banks Do.

The Relief Banks here just step in to their aid. The sums advanced may not seem very large, but are sufficient to help the people through. For example, "A" took a loan of fifteen rupees to purchase a bullock. He would not get a very good one for that price, but sufficiently good to do all his ploughing for this season.

Then, again, another family is in need of both a bullock and a plough. They have a small field, but are not in a position to purchase these. They borrow a few rupees from a Relief Bank so as to enable them to hire a bullock and plough from another cultivator, and sow their fields with a later crop.

In the Panjab Mahals, where the distress has been the greatest, the Relief Banks have come as a boon to our poor Bill solvers. Hence we must have fared the worst. The loans from the Relief Banks will ensure them their mealai (maize) at the least, as they are not at all given to rich grain stuffs. Several, after receiving their advances, started off immediately with lightened hearts some eighty miles, where cheap bullocks were to be had.

Unscrupulous Snakes.

The greatest blessing from these Banks has been to save people from the hands of the money-lenders. This degraded set of human blood-suckers generally advance seed by weight, and in harvest time take double the amount. They are there in person to demand it, and before the cultivators taste the fruit of their labors, the bonia make sure of their share. But this will not be the case this year. The Army has taken in hand the interests of the distressed people, and there are no fears now of their having to borrow at fifty per cent. or less.

What better way to invest £50 or £100 than this of inspiring those poor cultivators to rally after the terrible blow dealt them by a famine without parallel in the memory of man?

Cast Out.

Heaven-born revivals provoke hell-born opposition. There are battle-fields where the armes of the skies meet those of the pit, whose hatred is infinite beyond expression. Hence there are genuine revivals which provoke opposition from carnal men and from devils. At the present time, when the Prince of the power of the air is allowed so great latitude, this opposition is sometimes successful in hitherly persecuting the people of God.

In its leadership in all ages Satan has seemed to have a special preference for nominal professors of religion, who are usually the bitterest opposers of Holy Ghost revivals. Even Paul, the greatest revival preacher of the early church, with all his grace and gifts of wisdom and faith, and of wonder-working power, was not exempt. "But the Jews urged on the devout women of honorable estate, and the elders men of the city, and stirred up a persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and cast them out of their labors." (Acts xiii. 50.)

When passing through Paul's persecutions, we can claim Paul's victory, and rejoice and be exceeding glad.

"But they shook off the dust of their feet against them and came into Iconium. And the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost."

(Acts xiii. 51-52.)—The Revivalist.

Wanted an Escort.

A lady, in liquor, called at a New South Wales Maternity Home, and wanted an officer to see her along.

"Why?" asked the officer.

"Because I am afraid for my baby."

She had a four-months' old baby in her arms, and was afraid of fainting with it. Taking it from her arms the officer found the woman had a bad huddled up, which she said contained sugar, but which, on inspection, turned out to hold three bottles of beer. This was promptly emptied down the garter. Next day she was very grateful for the double favor.

Heroes of the Cross.

III.—David Brainerd and the Indians.

E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

At a recent meeting, in Hartford, Conn., Mr. Hammond related the following remarkable answer to prayer. We give it as reported in one of the papers of that city.

He said that David Brainerd in the early New England days resolved to carry the Gospel to a savage tribe of Indians in the forest fastnesses. His friends desired that they should never see him alive again. He carried a little tent, under which he slept. After weary days of travel, he approached the principal village of the tribe, but tarried for a while, that he might pray with God for His blessing on his attempt to benefit those savage Indians.

He supposed that no eye but God's rested upon him; but some Indian hunters had watched him as he pitched his tent, and then, hastening to the village, had told the chief of the approaching white man. A council was held, and it was decided that he must be killed and scalped.

A party of Indians hid in a sheltered place, and waited for the missionary to come out, but Brainerd continued long in prayer. Becoming impatient, they drew nearer, and cautiously peering through the opening, they thought he was talking with some snakes. Just then a great rattlesnake slowly pushed his ugly head under the tent, and crawling over Brainerd's feet and legs, reared itself parallel to the kneeling man's back, as if to strike its fangs in his neck. Suddenly it drew back, and if God forbade the murderous attempt, and glided out at the opposite side from which it entered. The Indians were amazed; and slowly retreating, they joined their comrades and described what they had witnessed. Brainerd was so absorbed in prayer that he knew nothing of the snake visit, or of the savage warrior who had come to destroy him. He seemed to hear God say, "My presence shall go with thee." At length he took his Bible and went toward the village. To his surprise it seemed as if the whole tribe came out to greet him. They treated him with the greatest respect, regarding him as under the protection of the Great Spirit, and concluded that instead of being hostile to this man whom God had defended from the poison of the snake, they ought to offer for peace. They listened to his preaching, and were ready to hear his exhortations to trust alone in Christ for salvation.



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONQUEST OF GREECE, CARTHAGE AND CORINTH.

B.C. 179-145.

It was a great change when Rome, which to the Greeks of Pyrrhus' time had seemed a rude and simple, was thought such a school of policy that Greek and half-Greek kings sent their sons to be educated there, partly as hostages for their own peacelessness, and partly to learn the spirit of Roman rule. The first king who did this was Philip of Macedon, who sent his son Demetrius to be brought up at Rome. But when he came back, his father and brother were jealous of him, and he was soon put to death.

When his brother Perseus came to the throne, there was hatred between him and the Romans, and ere long he was accused of making war on their allies. He offered to make peace, but they replied that they would hear nothing till he had laid down his arms, and this he would not do, so that Lucius Emilius Paulus (the brother-in-law of Scipio) was sent to reduce him. As Emilius came into his own house after receiving the appointment, he met his little daughter crying, and when he asked her what was the matter, she answered, "Oh, father, Perseus is dead!" She meant her little dog, but he kissed her and thanked her for the good omen. He overran Macedonia, and gained the great battle of Pydna, after which Perseus was obliged to give himself up into the hands of the Romans, beginning however not to be made to walk to Emilius' triumph. The general answered that he might obtain that favor from himself, meaning that he could die by his own hand; but Perseus did not take the hint, which seems to us far more shocking than it did to a Roman. He did walk in the triumph, and died a few years after in Italy. Emilius two sons were with him throughout this campaign, though still boys under Polybius, their Achilian tutor. Macedonia was divided into four provinces, and became entirely subject to Rome.

The Greeks of the Achilian League began to have quarrels among themselves, and when the Romans interfered, a fierce spirit broke out, and they wanted to have their old freedom, forgetting how entirely unable they were to stand against the power of the Romans. Calus Caecilius Metellus, a man of one of the best and most graceful Roman families, was patient with them and did his best to pacify them, being more unwilling to ruin the noble old historical cities; but these foolish Greeks fancied that his kindness showed weakness, and forced on the war, sending a troop to guard the pass of Thermopylae, but they were swept away. Unfortunately, Metellus had to go out of office, and Lucius Mummius, a fierce, rude, and ignorant soldier, came in his stead to complete the conquest. Corinth was taken, utterly ruined and plundered throughout, and a huge amount of treasure was sent to Rome, as well as pictures and statues fanned all over the world. Mummius was very much laughed at for having been told they must be carried in his triumph; and yet, not understanding their beauty, he told the sailors to whose charge they were given, that if they were lost, new ones must be supplied. However, he was an honest man, who did not help himself out of the plunder, as far too many were doing. After that, Achaea was made a Roman Province.

At this time the third and last Punic war was going on. The old Moorish King, Massinissa, had been continually tormenting Carthage ever since she had been weak, and declaring that Phoenician strangers had no business in Africa. The Carthaginians, who had no means of defending themselves, complained; but the Romans would not listen, hoping perhaps, that they would be goaded at last into attacking the Moor, and thus giving a pretext for a war. Old Marcus Porcius Cato, who was sent on a message to Carthage, came back declaring that it would not be safe to let so mighty a city of enemies stand so near. He

brought back a branch of figs, fresh and good, which he showed the Senate in proof of how near she was, and ended each sentence with saying, "Carthage is to be wiped out." He died the same year at ninety years old, having spent most of his life in making a staunch resistance to the easy and luxurious fashions that were coming in with wealth and refinement. One of his sayings always deserves to be remembered. When he was opposing a law giving permission to the ladies to wear gold and purple, he said they would all be vulgar with one another, and that the poor would be ashamed of not having as good an appearance as the rich. "And," said he, "she who blushes for doing what she ought, will soon cease to blush for doing what she ought not."

One wonders he did not see that to have no enemy near at hand to guard against was the very worst thing for the hardy, plain old ways he was so anxious to keep up. However, Carthage was to be wiped out, and Scipio Emilianus was sent to do the terrible work. He defeated Hasdrubal, the last of the Carthaginian generals, and took the citadel of Byrsa; but though all hope was over, the city did not give up in utter desperation. Weapons were forged out of household implements, even out of gold and silver, and the women twisted their long hair into bow-strings; and when the walls were stormed, they fought from street to street and from house to house, so that the Romans gained little but ruins and dead bodies. Carthage and Corinth fell on the same day of the year 179.

Part of Spain still had to be subdued, and Scipio Emilianus was sent thither. The city of Numantia, with only five thousand inhabitants, endured one of those long, hopeless sieges for which Spanish cities have, in all times, been remarkable, and was only taken at last when almost every citizen had perished.

At the same time, Attalus, King of Pergamus, in Asia Minor, being the last of his race, bequeathed his dominions to the Romans, and thus gave them their first solid footing there.

All this was altering Roman manners much. Weak as the Greeks were, their old doings of every kind were still the admiration of every one, and the Romans, who had always been rough, straightforward doers, began to wish to learn of them to think. All the wealthier families had Greeks for tutors for their sons, and expected them to talk and write the language, and study the philosophy and poetry till they could be as familiar with it as if they were Greeks themselves. Unluckily, the Greeks themselves had fallen from their earnestness and greatness, so that there was not much to be learnt of them now but vain deceit and bad taste.

Rome, Romans, too, began to get most absurdly luxurious. They had splendid villas on the Italian hillsides, where they went to spend the summer when Rome was unbearably hot, and where they had beautiful gardens, with courts paved with mosaic, and fish-ponds for pet fish, for which many had a passion. One man was laughed at for having shed tears when his favorite fish died, and he retorted by saying that it was more than his ascenior had done for his wife.

Their feasts were as luxurious as they could make them, in spite of the laws to keep them within bounds. Dishes of nightengale's tongues, of fatted dormice, and even of snails, were among their food; and sometimes a stream was made to flow from the table, containing the living companion of the mullet which served as part of the meat.

Praying to the Clothes-Line.

The ignorance of some of the women who come to our Sunday Home is appalling, and it is hard to explain to them even the plan of salvation.

"Do you know what Sarah is doing?" queried one of the most intelligent inmates.

"No," replied the officer.

"Well, she's praying to the clothes-lines."

"Nonsense!"

On questioning Sarah, it proved to be correct, and she explained that she was prying to the line not to fall with the clothes on.



Splendid Capture of Souls—Drum-Head Penitents—Another Soldiers' Home Opened—Colonel Seton Churchill on the Salvation Army—The Return to Mafeking—News from Natal.

We hasten to chronicle a glorious salvation victory at this South African centre this Whit-sundate. Seventy souls have been registered at the penitent form, including four at the drum-head.

Commissioner Bulton presented himself at Territorial Headquarters last Friday morning. He was warmly welcomed. Already our Whit-sunday plans were matured. Commissioner Kilbey had resolved upon a White-Red campaign, and every officer and soldier was determined to back him up to the full. The sudden arrival from the Diamond Fields of the International veterans of a Christian fight added materiality to the enthusiasm. The unusual demonstrations of the past few weeks had been remarkable for power and blessing.

Over One Hundred Souls

had been captured, and this at a time of exceptional jubilation and excitement over the triumphs of the British army in the North. Through it all we had gone straight ahead in the great work in which we are engaged, and God had crowned our labors with success exceeding our fond expectations.

As to these Whit-sunday campaigns, the Salvation Army, during recent years, at least, has never seen such crowds or congregations, and certainly new records have been established as regards actual visible results. The open-air gatherings have been enormous, and the

Drum-Head Scenes

have greatly impressed the public. Open-air fishing has been systematically carried on throughout the campaign. The Salvation meetings indoors have become the most popular of general interest throughout the city. The Citadel on Whit-Sunday night was flooded with glory and salvation, and it would be difficult to conceive of anything more Blood-and-Fire in character than the meeting on the night of Whit-Monday, when thirty-two penitents knelt at the feet of Jesus.

In all these meetings our brave Leaguer lads were prominent, and did splendid service.

Splendid Opening of Our Latest Soldiers' Home.

Tommy Atkins is now in undisputed possession of the new home which the Salvation Army has provided for him, by the aid of generous outside friends, at the foot of Adderley Street, opposite the Rhodes statue, Cape Town. It is a capital institution; one of the finest, if not the finest, of its kind in South Africa. It has an abundance of reading, writing, and refreshment accommodations, and is most comfortably furnished. People of rank and influence, not forgetting the Mayor and Corporation, have well responded to the Commissioner's appeal for assistance in providing for the comfort and watching over the best interests of Tommy Atkins when off duty. Small wonder, therefore, that it has already become largely patronized since the opening on Wednesday afternoon last.

This was an interesting and important ceremony, and attracted a big attendance of friends interested in the work of the Army amongst the troops.

Lieut.-Colonel Seton Churchill Presided, and among others present were Mrs. Hanbury Williams, Lieut. Chester

Master, A.D.C., the Mayor and Mayoress, and other influential residents, together with Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey, Commissioner Bulton, the Chief Secretary, Brigadier and Mrs. Howe, and Brigadier Rauch.

Colonel Seton-Churchill said soldiers were followed by special temptations, and therefore special means of grace and special opportunities were required to enable them to lead pure, sober, and Christ-like lives, and he knew of no other better institution to do that than the Soldiers' Home. He thought they should

Congratulate the Salvation Army

on providing another of these splendid institutions for the men, so that they might cultivate all that was noble and Christ-like, and avoid the temptations offered by the great garrison towns. Discipline was not everything, and by these Soldiers' Homes they appealed to another part of a man's nature, for it was not here a matter of discipline. It heartily wished the institution every success, and in doing so he was sure he might speak in the name of every officer and every soldier in the British Army, who would thank most heartily the Salvation Army for adding another Home to the many that already existed in South Africa. And in wishing the institution every success, he had very great pleasure in declaring the Home to be open.

Back to Mafeking.

At last we have news direct from Mafeking, after an interval of nearly eight months. None of us were surprised to hear that the barracks and quarters at Mafeking had suffered

severely from the recent bombardment; indeed, they are reported to be practically destroyed, as are also the permanent effects of shells. Captain and Stevens, whom it will be remembered, had to leave Mafeking compulsorily, by order of the military authorities, only an hour or two before the first shot was fired in October last. All our soldiers and friends at Mafeking have suffered severe loss, but we have a good hope that the Government will compensate them in due course.

The destruction of our barracks at Mafeking will in no way interfere with the commencement of our work in the district. It is highly probable that by the time this letter reaches the War Cry, Capt. Quartermaine will have raised again the red old flag in the Mafeking Market Square. It is expected that Staff-Capt. Mayers, the Diamond Fields' Section Officer, will accompany Mafeking's C.O. at the outset, in which event Commissioner Ralton has promised to return to Kimberley to "hold on." The veteran International representative has taken great personal interest in the Diamond Fields' fight, and speaks very hopefully of the future.

Our beloved Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey are just now fighting in Natal with all the vigor at their command. They will shortly return to the centre to set afoul new schemes for the more efficient carrying-on of our work here in South Africa.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

before the usual time we had high tea that leg of mutton.

Porridge—from the Colonel Downwards.

The next day found us to Newenden with a pleasant respite for a few days at Smith's Farm, Dundee, was doing good service by supplying the Durban Light Infantry, from the Colonel downwards, with porridge, in the early hours of the morning.

Through the kindness of the magistrate, an old but airy house, utterly looted, was put at our disposal. A generous gift of coal and wood, from Mr. FlitzWilliams, enabled us to have a cheery fire, well-nigh to forget the war was not over.

We purpose having our Tent here for the present, so with hospital visitors, and the general soldiers' home, outwards will be full.

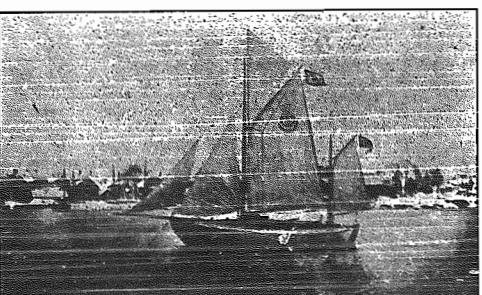
While Major Hurley was going through the hospital tents yesterday, a touching incident occurred. One poor fellow, very seriously wounded, was crying, "What's the matter?" softly asked the Ensign. "Seeing your S's is like home," said the poor fellow, adding, "It is so long since I have spoken to a Christian."—Adj't. Murray.

In Remembrance.

There is something very beautiful and significant in the revelation of character which death makes. On the face of one who has fallen asleep after the work of life there often comes a deep and tender peace; as if, at last, the real nature had a chance to disclose itself in the shining of the face. And those who look at the still countenance are often penetrated with the feeling that something foreign and temporary has vanished, and, like the taking away of a veil, made room for that which is real and permanent. The best men and women are so involved in a multitude of small duties that we sometimes lose sight of the goal to which they are loyally moving; they are often mislead by personal peculiarities and passing moods, and fail to discern each instant the large stability of their aims. Working in crowded ranks, in the dust, heat, and uproar of the workshop of life, we fail to discern the greatness or beauty of those who stand beside us. But when death comes and brings its wonderful silence, all the mists and clouds vanish, and we see with clear vision.

Then, in an instant, the long patience, the high idealism, the hatred of meanness, the affection that was tenderly urgent rather than weakly indulgent, shine before us, and we wonder that our eyes were so long hidden. And as the years go by and the perspective of life strengthens, the true proportions of character, the large lines of life, become more distinct. Blurred are the dead when they live with increasing mobility and beauty in the memory of those who knew and loved them!

Recognition is a matter of secondary importance to the brave, the true, and the good; but it is a matter of prime importance to others. Not to discern nobility in every form, or to suffer it to become obscured by personal peculiarities or moods, is to miss one of the richest opportunities of growth. It is well to remember that only the good believe in the good, and to the noble alone is given the power to recognize that which is noble.



THE "CATHERINE BOOTH"

Our Norwegian Life-Saving Boat.

In February last, amidst a raging gale of drifting snow and bitter cold blasts, Commissioner Ouchterlony consecrated the "Catherine Booth," and her crew of four, for their unique work of saving sailors' souls and bodies.

The mission of the "Catherine Booth" is a two-fold one; firstly, she follows the moving sailing fleets, which are often overtaken by storms that cause wreckage, for the purpose of giving help to vessels in danger, and rescuing their crews. Life-saving apparatus of every description, clothing and medi-

calines are kept on board for such emergencies.

The boat is built on the model of fifteen other boats of the Life-Saving Society, which are stationed around the coast.

Within the first three months of her commission, the "Catherine Booth" had, by the blessing of God, succeeded in saving seven lives and assisted ten fishing boats.

But the boat is also a floating barracks, and her crew conduct meetings on board and on land, especially in out-of-the-way places, where no corps can be supported.

The boat is an excellent vessel, and stands stormy in which no other boat would venture.

Capt. Owesen is in command of the lifeboat.

The Mission of Reflected Light.

Most of the sunshine we get in life comes to us by reflection. It is given in the brightness of the air, the sheen upon the sea, the color in the flower. What comes to us as directly as the sunbeams will show off, is not always the messenger of joy and health. It makes us yearn for the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. So it is in God's disclosures of Himself. This sunshine also comes to us mostly by reflection from others—in the warmth, and brightness, and color of lives. He has made to shine in the beauty of nature, in the wisdom of inspired men, in the grand humanity of His sons. We could not endure God's direct disclosure of Himself, any more than Moses could. But we get a disclosure while it is none the less real because indirect.

Not Slaves.

By WILLIAM LUFT.

Drawing themselves to their full height, the proud Pharaohs said, "We were never in bondage to any man." (John viii. 33.) And all the human family, plente the like freedom to-day. Slave? No, they are their own masters. So the self-righteous know not they are bond-slaves to pride, nor the drunkard to intemperance, nor the carnal to lust. Thus they miss the freedom which might be theirs.

On the African shores lay a little boat, manned by five or six sturdy black-faces. A small island was on their right, a long island on their left; between these two islands was a narrow channel, which presented the only opening through which a vessel could come. They evidently did not wish to be seen, for their ready craft were hidden behind the ear of the small island; yet they, as evitably, wished to see; so though all were asleep but one, they were prepared at a moment's notice, to spring armed to their feet. They belonged to one of H. M. S. appointed to suppress the slave trade, and were doing their month on the look-out for any ship that might come that way.

It was no joking matter to be doubled up in that boat for thirty-six days or so, wearing one's clothes constantly, wet or dry; and the men were not at all sorry when work relieved the monotony. Such work proved to be nearer than they had anticipated: for, before the watch had discovered the intruder, her captain and sail loomed out of the dark channel, alert in a second, and, as it was too late to turn and stem the swift current, the Arabs surrendered, well knowing a better scheme than attempting to fight, as the first shot would signal help from other sturdy jacks, and made escape impossible.

The cargo consisted of women and boys, these being of the most value; each woman representing, perhaps, ninety dollars. Smart women they were, too, arrayed in cheap jewellery, given them by their captors to pacify and deceive—just as Satan gives his captives pleasures, and follies, and hopes, and joys: bright jewels, but minus true gems; glittering, but not golden.

No one of those women or boys would own that they were slaves. Their individuality had endured weeks of hardship for them, and even risked their lives; but their services were not welcomed. Why? They were not slaves, they said. Yet those sailors were morally certain they were slaves. Why did they not own the fact? The Arabs had told them horrible tales about the white men in the boats, that they would kill them and eat them, and so had represented their friends as enemies, while they themselves, the real enemies, had laid in the place of friends—and they had given them jewels?

How like the wiles of the devil in deceiving those "who are taken captive by him at his will!" (1 Tim. ii. 20.) Christ comes "to proclaim liberty to the captives," (Is. lx. 1; Luke iv. 18.) and the captive declares he is not a captive. "We were never in bondage to any man; but who sayest thou, Ye shall be made free?" Paul argued the point in Romans vi. 16. Know ye not that to whom ye present yourselves as bond-servants unto obedience, his bond-servants ye are whom ye obey?" (I Cor., compare margin.) Not, however, until their eyes are opened will men own with Paul that they are "in captivity to the law of sin." (Rom. vii. 23.)

Had the deluded negroes confessed their real position, they would have been delivered with all the authority of the British flag; as it was, their would-be deliverers had to quit the dhow and leave them to their fate. Christ and His servants must act in such manner toward those who will not own they need a deliverer.

A month passed; that boat's crew were relieved, and returned to their ship. Another month came round, and they were cruising among the islands once more. The wind was such that no slaves were likely to appear; so the men went for a stretch along the shore, and to harter for eggs and fowls. They were in the midst of cinnamon plantations, the short, bushy trees reaching in long lines all the way up a beautiful slope. Sud-



ISHMAEL.

(To our Frontispiece.)

In the deserts of North Africa and Asia Minor there dwells to-day a proud, lawless and distinct people known as the Arabs and Bedouins, the children of Ishmael, who claim undisputed lordship over those sandy plains over which they roam, exacting tribute from the merchants and strangers who traverse their domain. They acknowledge allegiance to no king but the chiefs of their tribes, which are numerous. The different tribes are in constant warfare with each other, preying upon each other, and are, in fact, a living fulfilment of the angel's prediction of Ishmael's character, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."

Ishmael was the child of discontent, of bondage, and of irregularity. Sarai had been grumbling because she had no children. She was not content to wait God's time, or to be without children, if God so willed it. Of course, in her days, to be childless was considered a mark of Divine disfavour, and a great disgrace to a woman. Sarai could not bear the shame, and schemed how to circumvent the decrees of destiny. She gave her maid—an Egyptian—an idol-worshipper—to Abraham, that she might take away Sarai's reproach. It was a customary proceeding in those days, but, nevertheless, it was an evil, and proved so.

As soon as Hagar understood her position, she felt elevated, and "her mistress was despised in her eyes." Then the trouble began. No sooner did Sarai feel that the whole thing was coming back on her than she tried to put the responsibility upon Abraham. Her husband could not find a satisfactory way of settling the quarrel, so he gave Sarai full power to act, and Hagar was put out of the camp.

But God would not allow Abraham and Sarai to get rid of the matter of their own doing in such a way. Two wrongs don't make a right. The angel told Hagar: "Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." So Hagar went back and Ishmael was born, and evidently was considered a proper boy by both Sarai and Abraham. Nevertheless, the idolatry, the secret hatred, and resentment for her mistress which Hagar had nursed, were born in the child, and it was only waiting an opportunity to show his true nature.

Isaac was born according to the promise of God, and in His time; Sarai had changed her name to Sarah. At the time of Isaac's weaning according to the ancient custom, a great feast was made. Ishmael did not like the rivaal and mocked Isaac. All the old sores were opened again. Hagar sympathized with Ishmael, Sarah stood up for Isaac, and she demanded that Hagar and Ishmael be cast out. Abraham, of course, did not like this, but God told him to obey Sarah's wishes, and the thing was done. God looked after Ishmael, according to His promise, but he was an outcast from that day until this.

And the lessons of the story? Have we not raised and cherished from infancy the inbred sins which we have inherited from our parents? Ishmael has been born with us, and he has ruled our lives. Malice, and hatred, and envy, and jealousy have put us at enmity with men around us, who should be our friends. Ishmael did not want to acknowledge any restrictions of Divine law, and mocked at the thought of having Christ as Governor in the heart.

And when we, in sincerity and contrition, sought the forgiveness of God, and Christ was born in our heart as a personal Saviour, then Ishmael, the Flesh, mocked Him Who crucified the Flesh, and painted all that suffering and self-denial demanded of a Christian as unnecessary and wrong. To our mind his language seemed plausible, but our conscience cried "Cast him out!" It was not until we cast Ishmael out of our lives that peace reigned.

Has your Christian experience been one of dissatisfaction and strife? Ishmael has remained in the camp! The longer he stays the stronger he grows. He is a wild and unprincipled nature. He will overcome the son of the promise while young, and assume the mastership. Heed the warning, and in all that your own conscience "said unto thee, hearken unto her voice," and the peace and power of God will be yours. The offspring of bondage has no business in the camp with the son of Divine freedom. There can be no peace and harmony between the finite and the infinite, light and darkness, wrong and right, sin and purity—therefore, let Ishmael go, and retain Immanuel.



denly they came upon a group of women—the very women they had met before. Not one arrayed in jewels; their livery had been taken from them at landing, and the few weeks of hard toil had taught them the real state of affairs. Was not the white-faced sailor rescue them? It was too late! They had no power upon the land; the day of salvation was passed; the opportunity of deliverance was lost.

These spiritual slaves may be set free. In God's name we board the devil's deck. Our King saith, "The captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." (Is. xlix. 25.)

Who will own their bondage? "The Children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried." What happened? "And their cry came up unto God, by reason of the bondage. And God heard their groanings." (Ex. II. 23, 24.) Only confess the slavery of sin, and liberty from sin shall be granted. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John viii. 36.) "He shall let go My captives, not for price, nor reward, saith the Lord of hosts." (Is. xiv. 13.)

Consideration for Others.

No doubt much evil is wrought by want of thought. Many people with kindly hearts continually cause pain to others by mere heedlessness. They seem to have no perception of the sensitiveness of those about them. They have never trained themselves to think at all of others in connection with their own words and acts. They have accustomed themselves to think only of their own pleasure, and to say and do only what their own impulses prompt, without asking whether others will be pleased or displeased. They think only of their own comfort and convenience, and never of how the thing they wish to do may break into the comfort or convenience of others.

We find abundant illustration of this in all our common life. The intercourse of many homes is marred and spoilt by exhibitions of this thoughtless spirit. Family life is a blending of all the tastes, dispositions, talents, gifts, and resources of all the members of the household. In each one there should be self-restraint. No member may live in a home circle as if he were dwelling alone in a great house, with only himself to consider. He must repress much in himself for the sake of the other members. He must do many things while he might not do if he were alone, because he is a member of a little community, whose happiness and good he is to seek at every point. No household life can ever be made truly ideal by all having always their own way.

A New Use for a Leaguer's Pass

Adjt. Mary Murray, the officer in charge of the Mercy League in Natal, sends us the following little facts from the fighting in "The Garden Colony": "A military officer on the march wants a scrap of paper on which to send a note to his superior officer at headquarters. None is at hand. Suddenly a brilliant thought strikes one of our Leaguers. Stepping forward, he offers the officer his old League Pass.

"Officer: 'What's this? Salvation Army Naval and Military League?' Leaguer: 'Yes, sir; the other side is the best side.' " "Officer reads Leaguer's declaration; expresses his approval of the same, and then sends his message to headquarters on the back."

VVV

"Natal Volunteer to League Officer: 'Hello,' 'Go a War Cry?'

"'No,' replies the officer. 'I'm sorry to say they're all distributed.'

"Volunteer: 'Well, I will only go for five shillings, anyway.'

"'I'm afraid you don't. I'm a bit of a devil myself, but I'm glad you visit the camp; we like it.'

Every man is serving some kind of a master.

PACIFIC FORTS.

III.—SPOKANE.

Lively Times on the Streets at Night—Very Shifting Populace—Fought in the Philippines—Capt. Bennett's Memory Green—A Bicycle Thief Saved.

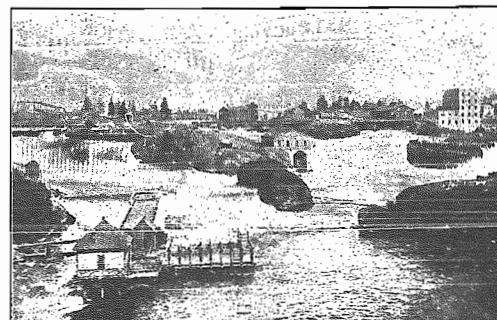
By ENSIGN BLOSS.

CHIE Salvation Army has wonderful opportunities in Spokane of spreading the glorious news of salvation, as men are here from all parts of the American Continent, this seeming to be the distributing point for the great mining districts of the State of Washington and British Columbia; therefore, it is not an uncommon thing to see the streets crowded with just the class of men the Army is after. We are very fortunate in having our hall right in the midst of the saloons and lodging houses, and nightly at the open-air crowds of these men congregate to listen to the story of the cross, some, perhaps, never coming in contact with the message of salvation before. Of course, the devil makes the best of his opportunity to catch and allure these half-wits; and here we try and better their position in life, and many a man's hard-earned wage has slipped from his grasp as quickly as the passing away of the morning dew. In order to do this, he has many a snare laid, in the way of music-halls, theatres, gambling dens, and places still worse, with music going on inside to attract the unwary in.

To a stranger, the heart of the city of Spokane, at about 7:30 p.m., would strike him as being rather comical: as at that time there seems to be no end of fun, noise, and general confusion, and it would befool him at first to know what he had struck; you may see the Army on one corner, the American Volunteers on another, a theatrical band on one side of you, a shooting gallery right in front of you, with a street organ going by electricity to keep time with the shots, and

a whole-hearted surrender, yet his darkened conscience was enlightened. You don't always get people changed through the influence of one meeting.

To those acquainted with the corps work, the above facts would, perhaps, cause them to think that officers in charge of such forces are often at a loss with all these advantages which would tend to dishearten the P. O., and that is the Western roving spirit, making it very hard to keep a good, solid body of men and women together, which is so necessary in order to accomplish the most for God and souls. For instance, you may get a man to



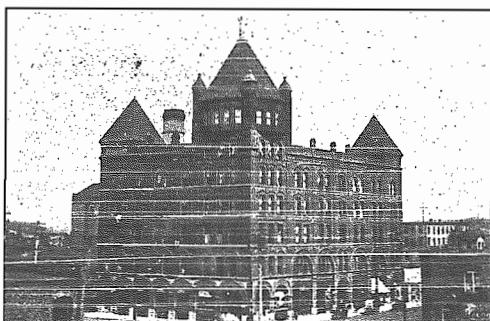
UPPER FALLS, SPOKANE RIVER.

passenger brakeman on the Northern Pacific Railway.

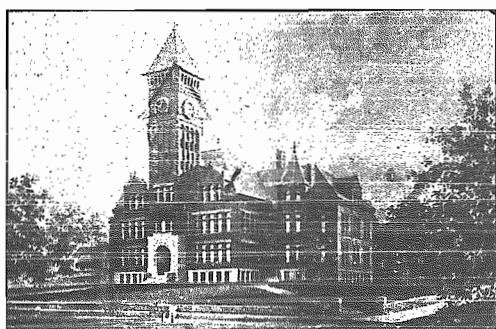
Some of her converts the writer came across away up in the gold fields of Alaska, Bro. Sly, who is still a soldier of the Spokane corps, was also converted under her. He was not one of those notorious characters, but of the "good enough" kind; he attended the meetings and began to feel his need of a change, and when reciting over his conversion, said, "She just gave me a few moments to decide," and thank God he decided on the right side. He has been a soldier over seven years, and is a contractor by trade; he is kept busy with eight or nine men working under him, building houses, and carpenter work in general. You can see him every day, whether in his shop or on the rig, with the Army cap on, as he says he likes to wear it; unfortunately he is not one of the moving class, but has lived in Spokane eleven years. His wife is a good soldier also.

Bro. Jensen, the Sgt.-Major of the corps, is a tall, stalwart Dane, and was converted some eight years ago, under Ensign McAbee. Perhaps our readers will remember him as the soldier who returned from Manila last Fall, having served in the 1st Washington Volunteers in the Philippines. When asked as to how he was in his

(Continued on page 13.)



AUDITORIUM AND POST OFFICE, SPOKANE, WASH.



HIGH SCHOOL, SPOKANE, WASH.

perhaps a company of Mormons exhorting a little further up street, with another theatrical band around another corner, and a few out-and-out members of some church at another stand. To stand off about a block and listen to this conglomeration of noise and confusion, while

the penitent form one night, and perhaps never see him again; or he may turn up in the course of six or eight months and give a ringing testimony to the saving and keeping power of God; or temptations may have been too much for him and he has gone under.

Yet Spokane keeps a fairly-good fighting force; there are some one hundred and fifty-six soldiers on the roll, with eighteen recruits, and they turn out every day (seeing so many are away all the time) for many a twenty-five, thirty, and forty, and sometimes more, being on the march.

There are few people, acquainted with the history of the corps, but who associate the name of the sainted Captain Bennett with the same. Outside of our own people she is

Remembered Most by the Drunkards, Gamblers and Morphine Fiends, with whom she used to work from

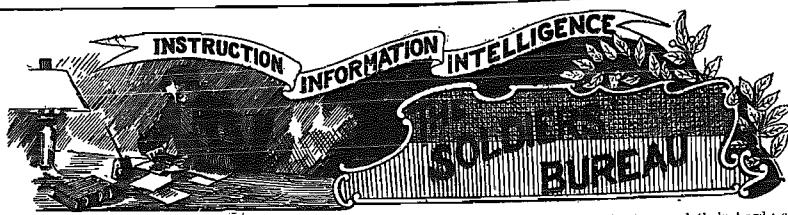
Pats in the Shade a Dawson Fight,

you would really wonder how a religious organization could accomplish anything. Yet, amidst it all, the voice of God speaks to many a hardened conscience and shamed heart until they are persuaded to come to the barracks and lay down their arms of rebellion.

One poor old man strayed into the hall the other evening and said to one of our officers, "I came in twenty-four miles to-day to attend the circus, but something led me here, and I am far better for coming." Although he did not come to the Saviour and make



BRO. SLY'S SALVATION CONTRACTOR SHOP, SPOKANE.



Terse Topics.

CONSIDERATION.

What refreshing reading is furnished by the occasional protests against the brutal inconsideration often indulged in to humor a puffed sentiment. With pleasure we reprint a cutting from the *Social Gazette*:

"The Horse Guards' Gazette," a soldiers' paper, makes a noble protest against "the carnival of savagery" that the South African war has introduced. Here are two extracts:

"The cost of this war, may, even the direct loss of life which it has occasioned, are nothing to the equivalent of savagery which it has called forth at the Cape. We went to war to impose our nineteenth-century civilization on the seventeenth-century Boer." It is doubtful whether we have put the clock forward on the Boer. We have certainly put it back at the Cape. All along, we of this paper, as soldiers' writing, have protested against the loathsome element of vulgar malice, rancour, and ill-treatment which is being so sedulously cultivated by the greater part of the Press of the country."

"Not the least low example of the method in which the coarse taste of the mob is appealed to is evidenced by the disgraceful exhibition recently seen in the windows of a well-known office in the Strand. In the windows of the institution I have seen the hat of a Boer soldier with bullet-holes, with the boastful inscription: 'Boer head-gear, ventilated.' This hard and vulgar joke naturally arouses much merriment. . . . It is a terrible thing that people cannot realize the fact that probably the poor fellow whose head had been 'ventilated' left probably a father and mother, or wife and children, perhaps in tears for his loss."

What is Most Needful.

Written for Cold or Cooling Soldiers.

My soul is often stirred as I look upon the apparent indifference of some of our soldiers. Some, who once were full of love and zeal for God and dying souls are now indifferent, whether souls are saved, or whether they are damned. Once the Cross was the attraction; now it is "How can I have the best time?" or "Appear more fair" or "Make the most money?" Or "How can I best please my friend, lover, or comrade?" Jesus, instead of having the pre-eminence, has to take second place.

My comrades, these things ought not so to be. We ought to be just so full of fire, love, and zeal as we ever were. Nay, more so.

Has God's Supply Run Out?

Not at all! Then what is the matter? Certainly something must be wrong. Oh, how you have confessed to your own heart many times, that you were not what you once were, and when you give your testimony you strive to give it the same old ring as when it used to come from your heart filled with love, but somehow you seem to lose it, within you saying, "That's a lie, and you know it!"

Your joy also is gone. It is no longer a delight for you to take up the cross, talk to a fellow-worker about his soul, button-hole neighbor and have a "personal" with him, pray with him, and insist on his surrendering to Calvary's Lamb. No more do you feel like spending two or three hours in prayer, like you used to do, or, perhaps, instead of rising an hour before anyone else was astir, and spending the time in prayer for souls, you now lie and sleep, let souls

pray for themselves, or die and go to hell. You do not rush off to the barracks to be in time for prayer meeting and march now like you used to do. Possibly you excuse yourself by saying, "Let the young blood do it. I've had my time at that sort of thing."

Now, my comrade, will you not agree with me when I say

There is Something Seriously Wrong?

It may be hard to say just what has caused all this apathy and indifference, but undoubtedly it has been a neglect of prayer, unwillingness to bear up some cross, or else some secret indulgence is sapping away the spiritual life within you.

"Oh," you say, "I never intended to go so far. I did not expect that by just spending five or ten minutes in prayer, instead of half-an-hour or an hour, was going to create such a coldness for prayer. Nor did I think I was going to lose interest in meetings because I stayed away on Sunday afternoon. I was so tired, and Sunday afternoon marches are usually so long and tiring; the Captain seems to forget that we have been working all week and need a little rest."

Oh, my comrade, see how the devil has got in. Of course you never intended a backslide, but you know it would be said that you are red-hot and out-and-out for God and souls as once you were.

Now, I have watched many a case just like yours, and I have talked to many a one, and I have come to the conclusion that the great trouble is this,

You Have Failed to Get Sanctified

when you felt the Spirit leading you to consecrate yourself for the blessing. Either the cross was too heavy, or you were unwilling to pay the price, or you did not like the prospect of losing that reputation, or perhaps it would have meant fellowship, and you held back. Oh, the numbers whom I have seen who walk up and down in the land who carry this very brand, "Might have been," indelibly written upon them, and when I have heard their sad story, my own heart has echoed their same sad words, "Might have been!"

My comrade, are you one of these, or are you just beginning to drop into that path? Oh, beware! You cannot tell how bad it is to get back again to the straight path. Many have never got back again, but if you have gone this way, return to the Christ of Calvary, confess your backslidings, make an eternal examination of yourself, take up the cross and go forward, get baptized with the Holy Ghost, and the latter shall yet be a blessing, and the former shall be drugged and follow Jesus.

Oh, how you would gladden the heart of your officers if you were only out-and-out for God; what a cheer you might be to them if you could only be depended upon; and how the people whom you mix up with from time to time would believe in you, and you might win them for God and the Army if you were only sanctified. Oh, God bless you, get sanctified. Consecrate yourself and everything you possess, and take up the cross, trust the cleansing Blood, and never rest satisfied until your soul is delighted with Divine love.—T. W. L.

The Divine Interpreter.

As he who reads an alien tongue unknown.

I scanned the Sacred Book with longing eyes,

Nor heard the music dawn with sweet surprise,

Nor caught the muffled voice of silence very tone

Hi, to those who read revented alone

Their Saviour and their Lord; since in the Syrian land
The weary pilgrim grasps an unseen hand,
And saw in deepening light the shadow of a throne.

But when God, stooping, knew my helpless need,
And whispered, "Brother, let Me read with you."

And with hand in Mine, the fingered leaves,

I heard the ageless melody, and blessed—

The Love Eternal that makes all things new;

And rends Himself the curtain that He weaves.

—Edward Shillito.



"Necessary to be Sanctified."

By LIEUT. KREIGER.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—Mark iv. 26.

One day, while in conversation, mention was made about the present dry weather affecting the crops. "Besides," said my friend, "there has been considerable night frost of late, which does not help matters out."

"Yes," said I, "the first blade of the wheat seems to be drying up instead of growing" (wheat was just nicely coming out of the ground), and if memory serves me right, the reply was made to the effect that in some cases it did not matter, for the first blade (brad) always comes to nothing, anyway; and a good thing it is, because it gives the plant a chance to take good root.

The first-born blade of the bean only lives a short season. The bean, after being planted, actually transforms itself into two leaves; but only a very small portion takes root and lives, while

The First "Brad" Dies.

Getting Others Saved.

The Salvation Soldier's religion may be divided into three parts—

(a) Getting saved himself from sin and its consequences, the new birth into the family and favor of God, and all the delightful consequences that follow.

(b) Keeping saved.

(c) Getting others saved, that is, living the life of Christ over again. Following Him; being a saviour of men.

To this latter part of his business we want now to direct attention, and to consider how he can most effectively use the gifts already possessed, or those which he may be able to obtain, in glorifying God and spreading salvation.

He may be able to do something in the accomplishment of this by fighting on his own account, praying, speaking, and working as he has opportunity; but he will see at a glance that man will be likely to do far more good by acting in union with others who have the same character and aim, than he will by working alone.

Working with the Organization.

He will find many of the Lord's people around him organized for the purpose of saving souls, but none so completely and powerfully as the Salvation Army.

This being the case, the Army being likely to accomplish a greater amount of good than any other organization, his way is plain to give himself right up to it. This means that he should deliberately, and without reserve, place himself at its service to be used in such a manner as will assist it the most effectively.

Why Articles of War Should be Signed.

In enlisting in the Army a soldier is asked to sign what is known as the "Articles of War," which set forth the principal doctrines that every soldier is supposed to believe, the main principle of which he is expected to act, and a brief description of the service he will have to render.

Every Salvation Soldier must consider and sign these for the following reasons:

(a) That he may understand beforehand the hand doctrines, principles, and practices to which he will have to conform.

(b) Thinking and praying over these Articles will help him to find out whether he really has the faith and spirit of a Salvation Soldier or not.

(c) The pledge involved in signing these Articles will help him to be faithful to the Army in the future.

(d) They prevent many joining who are not one in heart and head with us, and who, consequently, would be likely afterwards to create dissatisfaction and division.

Two cannot walk together comfortably, or fight side by side earnestly, except they are agreed.

To Help and Cheer Me On.

in my feeble and tottering way.

Now, the first leaf is necessary, but should not be depended upon. Many a one seems satisfied without seeking a deeper work of grace, sanctification, which is the stem of life; and the result is that a backslider's experience sooner or later is because the first "brad" invariably dies.

We must, therefore, by the help of God, seek to stem and bring into existence the real stem, the second blessing, strength and power from on high, to suffer the winds and storms of life that sweep their chilly blasts o'er us to stand the heat of Jeer and sneer of this cruel, heartless, and friendless world; and the result will be, "if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

It is the privilege of every Christian to have a mountain-moving faith, and yet how many grow faint at the sight of a mole hill.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

About Husbands : Their Privileges and Duties.

3. THE HUSBAND WILL FIND IN SUCH A WIFE AS I HAVE PREVIOUSLY DESCRIBED A GENUINE COMPORTER IN ALL HIS SORROWS.

When other hearts grow cold, and other sympathies are withdrawn; when old comrades turn away their faces from him, and old helpers withdraw their generous hands, her heart will beat the faster, and creep up the closer, and her arms will cling the tighter in holding him up while undergoing the rougher experiences of life.

4. THE HUSBAND WILL, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, SHARE WITH HIS WIFE EVERY FORM OF GLADNESS WHICH FALLS TO HIS LOT.

I can truthfully say that I never tasted what was pleasant to my palate, never saw a sight of beauty in art or nature, never heard a sound of melody in music or song, never experienced a joy in friendship, never had a triumph in my work or welfare—nay, I may further, and say that I never had a heavenly manifestation to my soul, without desiring my dear wife to share it.

And there was nothing singular in my experience. It is perfectly common to husbands, I am happy to say; and no particular credit is due to them, either, on that account, for where true love—that is, real oneness—exists, this sharing of pleasant things means the doubling, nay, the trebling, of these treasures. While all true love would fain screen the object of its affection from sorrow, and longs to be forever grief on its behalf, even for me, gladness that its object cannot know and share; so that, in a wife a husband finds the means for the manifold multiplication of his joys.

A FAITHFUL ADVISEE.

5. A TRUE HUSBAND WILL FIND IN A TRUE WIFE A FAITHFUL ADVISER IN HIS PERPLEXITIES.

Oh, how little do men dream of the valuable counsel of which they deprive themselves in failing to make their wives, as far as possible, their confidants in all matters of perplexity! It is quite true that, in The Salvation Army, the views taken of women's capacities and position render the observations made here and elsewhere in these papers of less importance than they would otherwise be; still, I am afraid that the foolish, unscrupulous, and irrational notions about woman's natural inferiority have not been utterly extirpated from the hearts of all who are marching under our flag.

A woman is, in many respects, remarkably able to advise her husband on the bewildering secular matters with which he is ever called to deal, and, if he will give her the chance, she will show this ability with no inconsiderable advantage to himself.

Outside our ranks this chance is commonly denied her, for in too many cases she is regarded by her husband as only a kind of toy, or minister to his amusement; or as a mother, to nurse his children and look after their needs; or as a housewife, to see to his eatings, and drinkings, and clothing.

Beyond this, he sees no end that a wife can serve; hence, he keeps her in ignorance of the busy world in which he lives and moves. If, however, the husband will condescend to acquaint the wife with the Doctrines and Duties of his Religion, then the husband and wife, together with the character of the men who move in the circle of his acquaintance, and the host of things that occupy him day by day, he will often find her better able to advise him to his good than the ordinary run of people whom

she consults when beset by trials and burdened by care.

WHERE THE WOMAN HAS THE ADVANTAGE.

A woman will often look at matters from a different standpoint to that taken by men. She will judge things as we sometimes say, by her instinct, which will often simply be a keener sense of right and wrong than that possessed by men, combined with a greater readiness to face the difficulty of the present hour, although it may involve the sacrifice of a lesser gain. To compass a greater future good. In other words, the true woman will care less for consequences and more

forth their generosity. What narrow, miserly, and selfish beings they would become but for the compunctionary demands and claims made upon them by wives and children!

In well-assorted and prudent marriages, it is strange how the income will keep pace with the expenditure. I should think, if an inquiry could be made upon the subject, it would be found that in most cases the married man with wife and children to support finds himself better off, and with more home-comforts, than he would have been had he remained single. The income, as by providential arrangement, wonderfully keeps pace with the outlay.

I have heard the poor peasant people in England say, when the sixth or seventh accession has been made to the family, without any apparent increase in the means of supplying its wants, "Oh, sir, God never sends little mouths without something to fill them." If this sort of argument applies to the arrival of a child in a home, how doubly applicable it must be to the advent of a wife! She comes at once to relieve home of the

THE EVIDENCE OF LOVE.

Love is not a matter of feeling or emotion. It is an attitude of being. He who loves another, holds that other dear—ready to act in such a way as to advance that other's true interests. Love does not depend on one's moods, is not measured by one's present emotions, never pivots on one's feelings. Love, because it is love, is imperative as duty itself, and dominates action as positively and as continuously as does duty. He who loves his country is not necessarily swayed by warm feelings or tender emotion with reference to his country. He simply holds his country dear, dearer than self, and, therefore, is ready to live or to die for that country, whether he feels like it or not. He who loves his fellows holds them dear.

As Those Whom God Loves,

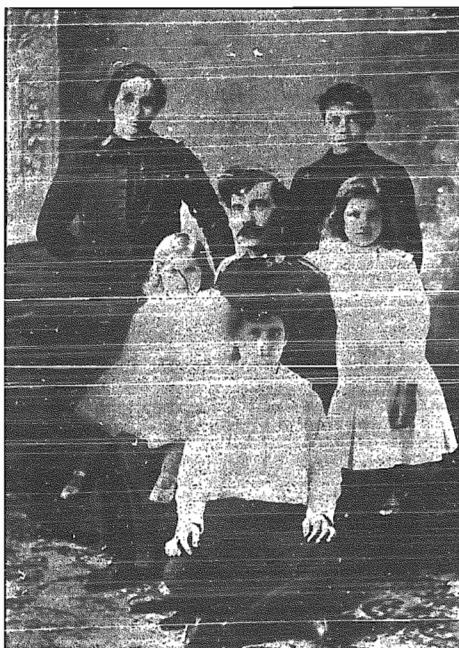
and, therefore, who are to be counted as so far representatives of God, however they may seem to one who is near them. The evidence of love is found in conduct, not in emotion. The question is not what we feel towards another, but what we are ready to do for another, however we feel, when our love is at issue. A parent who says he loves his child, and then sends his child to prison, nothing he ought not to have, of doing something he ought not to do, because of his tenderness, shows in his conduct that he lacks the love for his child which he says he has. The man who calls himself a "lover," and then shoots the girl he claims to love because she does not love him, proves by his conduct that he never loved the girl, and he seems to show that he never loved anyone—even himself. He is a helpless slave of his own worst passions, without any knowledge of the meaning of true love. Love never holds dear its objects, and in action ever puts first the true welfare of its object regardless of selfish feelings and considerations, and apart from the drawings of emotion. Not feelings, but actions, are the true test of love.

What is Best for Us?

Our ideas of "good" and "bad," "desirable" and "undesirable," ordinarily pivot on our selfish interests considered from a very limited outlook. In a dry season, when water in the springs and streams is low, and the cattle thirst, and the mills can run only half time or less, a heavy rain is welcomed as a good and desirable thing by those whose personal needs are thus supplied. Yet at that very time the farmer, who has the grass lying freely cut on his best meadows, and the father who is with his wife and children at a distance from his home in an open wagon without an umbrella, considers that first shower anything but good and desirable. And so it is with nearly every experience in life: we cannot look at it apart from our personal and selfish interests. Is it not cause for gratitude on the part of all the world, ourselves included, that we cannot choose as to God's lesser or greater providences? Our Father knows what is good and desirable for all and each of His children, as they do not. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

Time-Work or Piece-Work.

One who is doing his best is pretty sure of having this recognized; and one who is not doing his best may be equally sure that it will be known. A keen observer said, in passing a building that was in process of construction, "I can always tell whether those fellows are doing 'time-work' or 'piece-work.' In one case the blows of their hammers drag along slowly, and seem to say, 'By the day, by the day'; in the other case the hammers strike briskly, and say, 'By the job, by the job.' Considerable, or unconsciously, our actions show to those around us the spirit that is prompting them. It is the work into which has gone the best life and energy of the worker that finally counts, in the sight of both God and men.—*S. S. Times.*



BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND FAMILY, MONTREAL,
Provincial Officer of the East Ontario and Quebec Province.

for what is right. She will think less of her own skin and more of the future usefulness of her husband.

Men are more given to look at things from the standpoint of expediency than are women; and I am sure their training and intercourse with Society makes them more timid about consequences. Perhaps it is because they see further into the future, or it may be a sense of responsibility for their families and their fellows makes them fearful of taking courses which they conceive to be the best and which otherwise they would choose to follow.

A MAN'S BEST PARTNER.

6. IN A WIFE A MAN FINDS A TRUE PARTNER IN ALL HIS EARTHLY INTERESTS.

It is true that, ordinarily, she will bring with her the occasion for increased financial responsibilities, but this will probably prove to him a profitable part of the discipline of life, by strengthening and deepening his nature as nothing else will.

Men are naturally more selfish than women, and their meanness will grow and thrive every day they live upon the earth if there is nothing to call

labor of the kitheling, and to manage her husband's earnings with strictest economy, it being her own things, and not those of a stranger, of which she ministers. She comes not to measure her time, nor strength, nor gifts, nor anything else she possesses—she lays her all at his feet, and then tolls for them as diligently and as skilfully as she would toll for her own.

Next week I shall touch upon the relation of a good wife to the making and completing of the husband's character.

(To be continued.)

Do you honor the Holy Ghost?

Do you believe in His work?

The words of the good are like a staff in slippery places.

A handful of good life is worth a peck of learning.

Are you vexed when you are slighted or silently ignored?

If you are an anvil, be patient: if you are a hammer, strike hard.

Yes! You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan without the oil and the two pence.



PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Comptroller of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North American Division, and the West Indies, 10, G. Horn, a, the Salvation Army Printing House, at Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

All communications referred to the contents of the WAR CRY, contributions for publication to the page, or inquiries concerning the work of the Army should be addressed to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

All communications concerning the sale of subscriptions, donations, change of address, etc., should be addressed to THIS TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

All contributions, whether monetary or otherwise, should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOOTH.

One manuscript, written matter intended for publication, or one copy of the paper, should be accompanied by a stamp, if enclosed in unsealed envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

Pray for China.

Major-General Schaffer, the hero of Santiago, who spoke at the reception of Commander Booth-Tucker to San Francisco, touched, in his speech, upon the situation in China. Well knowing the horrors of war, and the inevitable complications that may arise from any ill-judged actions, he requested the prayers of every Salvationist in the interest of a peaceable solution. Our beloved General's similar request finds a sincere response in the heart of every lover of God and humanity, and we cannot press home too much the importance of prayer. We need not remind Christians of the wonderful, nay, the most wonderful achievements of history that have been wrought by prayer, and incessant, fervent prayer can again prove the oil which will smooth over the troubled billows of the political sea, which now threatens the disastrous wreck of the oldest empire of the world amidst scenes too revolting for the imagination.

The weakest salvo has an unfailing weapon in prayer, with which to stay the monster of War, which has raised its ugly head with glutinous longing so frequently during recent years. If the Christians of the world could but unite in prayer, they could make war simply impossible.

Mrs. Major Horn's Illness.

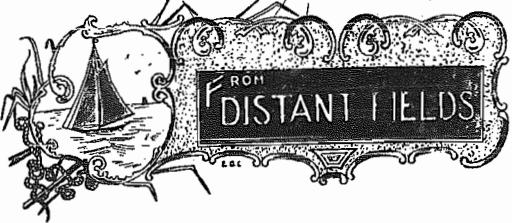
We regret to say that Mrs. Major Horn has been obliged to go to the Grace Hospital, in Toronto, for treatment. Her health has been failing for some time now, and sickness has been almost a constant guest at her house for months. The physician, happily, declares her disease curable, and we earnestly request our readers to remember Mrs. Horn before the Throne, that she may soon be restored, fully recuperated, to the Major and her family.

Prison Gate Work.

The returns of work done in connection with our Prison Gate Branch at Toronto, for the month of July, are as follows:

No. of Men helped at Police Court.	3
No. of Men met at Discharge from Central Prison 47
No. of Men helped by S. A. on Discharge 20
No. of Men placed in Situations	10
No. of Men professed Conversion	15

During the month of July 91 men were committed to the Central Prison, while six men were pardoned by the Governor-General. The total number of men in the Central Prison on July 31st was 364.



Since his return from Scandinavia, the first account of which is told by Mr. Dowson, our more interesting and instructive style, the General has been busy. For the first twenty-four hours, he felt the reaction of his numerous meetings and fatiguing journeys, while the intense heat added to his discomfort.

Brigadier Emerson is arranging great things for the seaside corps of the Eastern Province for Bank Holiday. All the Norwich bands, (concertina, brass, etc.) are being allocated to different seaside resorts for the week-end. This should prove a great attraction and power for good among the holiday-making crowds who will flock to these places for a snatch of fresh sea-air.

The International Headquarters Building Department has already commenced the repairs and alterations which have so long been needed in the Congress Hall. Both the Trataling Home and hall will come under the restoring hand. It is computed that the repairs will take some months, and it is more than likely that the corps will have to fight for some short period in the open-air, just as the Rink did.

Colonel Lawley sums up and describes the General's recent tour as follows: "We began with floods in Christiana, and ended with flames."

Commissioner Howard has not returned with the party who accompanied the General on his Scandinavian tour. He will, however, return to England in a few days.



The Commander's California Campaign had a magnificent start at San Francisco. Bishop Nichols and Major-General Schaffer spoke at the reception in the Metropolitan Temple. The Commander visited the St. Quentin Prison, where we have a regular corps among the convicts; six prisoners sought salvation.

In addition to his duties as Editor-in-Chief, Lieut.-Colonel Brewster, has been called upon to organize an entirely new department, namely, a National Lecture Bureau. Many promising invitations have been refused for want of arrangement, which would accommodate and arrange for a series of lectures and lectures on Salvation Army work. The entire National staff will co-operate in furnishing various interesting lectures, and a list of subjects will be furnished by the Colonel to all who may apply. Many of the lectures will be illustrated with stereopticon pictures, while others will be brightened with music and song.

"During our first six months on the Hawaiian Islands," Major Wood writes, "we have had 282 souls converted, and out of these we have increased our soldiers' roll by 41, every corps showing an increase. Our Coast Guard Cry sale has gone up 400 copies;

Japanese Crys 425, while we have just received a shipment of 450 Chinese Crys, which we shall have no difficulty in getting rid of. Young Soldier sales have also gone up three Crys. Our Local Officers now number 123 more; knee-drills have doubled. Advance is the same 50. Our new attention shows a rise of 60 weekly, so that it is easily seen that our new soldiers and converts do not shrink the open-air."

There are eight Training Garrisons in the United States.

The Divisional Brigade had 120 souls at Fayette, Missouri.

The first Chinese convert made by the San Francisco work is still a member of that corps.

Adjt. and Mrs. Montgomery are residing now in the Mission, San Francisco, and are affiliating with the No. 4 corps.

There is one little bound-foot girl among the Chinese at Pacific Grove. She is not permitted to go on the streets, but Capt. Nellie Banks is allowed to teach her at home.

Chinese Salvationists scatter far and wide over the world. Out of the San Francisco corps five have returned to China, one went to Alaska, one to Portland, Ore., and another sails the sea in the capacity of cook on an American war vessel.



The General conducted the Velddag (the Hollandish Salvation Army Field Day) in a splendid part at Harlem, graciously placed at the disposal of the Army by the burgomaster of the city.

Many Belgian comrades wishing to prove their loyalty to the Army and the General attended the Velddag. Mrs. Colonel Cosandey was present with her eldest son.

At the end of the evening meeting sixteen persons were kneeling at the penitent form.

The Social Work is doing fairly well, especially at La Hague, where already two or three branches of the work are operated regularly.



The corps at Bologna, Florence, and Milan are pushing the war actively. Three Candidates from the last corps entered the Turin Training Home a few days ago.

In Pisa our comrades are working under critical circumstances. They are, nevertheless, fighting with faith, courage, and the spirit that knows how to overcome difficulties.



Our Spanish comrades in Buenos Ayres rejoice that the quarantine has been declared off. Brigadier Pearce, on the same day, started on an extensive trip all over the territory, and several officers were able to leave the city in order to attend to their special duties.

A municipal Inspector visited lately our newly built Night Shelter. A few days after his visit the corporation of the city sent a substantial donation for the Shelter.

Capt. Bettex, who, with a Calet, started for a tour in the interior, is already met with many adventures. In a city of Uruguay, both men, on account of their uniform, were mistaken for revolutionists, and brought before the police magistrate. After a short interview, and a few words of explanation, they were released, not without having received a good hand-shake from the police officer.

On the 14th of July, the French national day, the different divisions of the territory made great public demonstrations. The gathering of the South-Eastern Division was led by Commissioner Booth-Hellberg.

Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg is better. She was again at the front on the 6th of July, and is already intending to lead a special campaign of Salvationists in the different corps of the French capital.

The Kiosque of the Salvation Army at the Paris Fair is in charge of Capt. Pellet, an experienced officer, who is able to speak fluently several modern languages.

The Kiosque is attracting many visitors. Two doctors congratulated our representatives for the good work accomplished by the Army among drunkards and dissolute people. Two Catholic priests manifested their warm sympathy for our work, and one of them bought a Bible. A few, after having asked information about the Army, promised to attend our meetings. A great many other visitors have already shown, in different ways, their interest and sympathy for the Army.

A Comical Customer.

A curious little old woman put in an appearance at an Australian Restaurant some months ago, and asked to see the "head of the house." The Ensign in charge was summoned, and the old lady acquainted her with the fact that she haled from the "scrub," where she had spent all her life. Domestic relations had, however, become strained between her and her aboriginal husband, "Barney," who had beaten her sorely, and acting, as she averred, on the advice of the magistrate, she had left him and come to the Army. Would "missus" give her a shave-down? She was taken in, and whilst putting her through her feelings, the officer asked her how long it was since she had had a bath. "Spees I dunno 'bout a bath," was the reply. "I always bogie in the creek." She was supplied with towels and soap, and taken to the lavatory, and left the kitchen. In a few minutes she marched into the kitchen. "I say, missus, you told me to wash; I have looked everywhere, but can't find water." Patiently did the officer take her back and explain how the water came through the pipes, turned it on and again left her. Presently she rushed into the kitchen again in great consternation, pale, and trembling: "I found the water, but it's all running away; I can't keep it." She had, of course, neglected to put the plug in. She could not understand why she was treated so kindly in the Home. "Oh, it's like heaven!" she used to say. Her ideas as to spiritual matters were of the haziest, but after a great deal of explanation, she appeared to grasp the truth, and professed conversion. The old lady is still in the Home, and lives up to the light she has.

The manner in which you spend your leisure is determining how you will spend eternity.

Many people claim to trust God who find that they are mistaken when the bank breaks.

COLONEL JACOBS

CONDUCTS A

Six Days' Tent Campaign at Dufferin Grove, Toronto.

Introductory.

The following remarks on the Chief Secretary's Tent Campaign in Toronto will give our readers an idea of the great success that attended it. The dates were from August 1st to August 6th, the last date being Toronto's Civic Holiday, when all the local corps turned out for the occasion.

The Colonel was assisted by Staff-Captains Stanton and Creighton, besides other Headquarters Officers. Staff-Capt. Stanton was the Colonel's chief support, while Staff-Captain Creighton took charge of the open-air work and the music.

The "Why and Wherefore."

First and foremost, the glory of God and the salvation and sanctification of sinners and salvationists; we also think that the Colonel remembered the coming Civic Holiday and desired to give the Toronto braves a chance to spend the day in direct salvation effort.

The Locality, etc.

The tent was pitched in Dufferin Grove, in the West End of the city. While not able to lay much claim to beauty, the Grove was pleasant, and the trees cast a grateful shade. (See next paragraph for necessity of shade trees.) Dufferin and Llugar St. corps were the only two directly interested, for their halls were closed during the period of the meeting. Monday, the whole city could find for the day. The tent was a large one, surrounded by a picket fence, and the comfortable seats and chairs put the audience at ease, which is not always possible where only planks are used.

The Weather.

Not a drop of rain interfered with our arrangements, but the absence of rain was counterbalanced on the Sunday and Monday by the abnormal heat. It was simply outrageous! The thermometer stood near 38°, the hottest in 46 years, and, with only one exception, in 60 years. The Colonel had a free Turkish bath in every meeting, the perspiration rolling down his face. Thanks, however, to the excellent location of the tent, the trees broke the piercing rays of the sun, and despite the heat, the audience remained generally to the close of the meeting.

The Prayer Meetings.

"The most important part of the proceedings is the prayer meeting," repented the Colonel many times. When it is stated that in every meeting but one there were visible results, one can put it down as a dead certainty that the prayer meetings were run on sound principles. The salutes were given, the shiners and unsanctified made to feel they were set apart, the door closed, and a steady, fervent appeal for decision made. The results amply justify the extra care and effort.

The Singing.

No one enjoys a good sing more than the Colonel, and on the other hand, no one abominates a poor one more. It is, therefore, unnecessary to state that we had good salvation singing. The tunes and words were all well-known, and it was a matter of compulsion for all to join in. A few brass and string instruments were used to enliven the singing. Those who sat at the wind-up of the meetings on Monday afternoon and night will likely refer to the hearty united singing as a foretaste of heaven. Without doubt the effect upon the "almost persuaded" was remarkable. They couldn't resist it.

The Open-Airs.

These are under the special care and attention of Staff-Capt. Creighton and were, as a rule, of full hour's duration. The Llugar St. brass band, assisted by a few musical visitors from Headquarters, furnished good music.

On Monday afternoon and night the singing assumed enormous proportions, and the enthusiastic testimonies of shouting Jimmy, "Colonel" Matchett, Jim McCleary, Joe Brown, and a whole host of others, were enjoyed to the full. They were literally swaying over with joy and tears of joy. It is in a good salvation dance. The Lazar St. and Dovercourt soldiers turned out splendidly at every occasion, and helped make the open-airs what they were.

The Results.

It is gratifying to state that, during the series of meetings 55 souls sought the salvation & sanctification of their souls. Considering the oppressive heat, and other attractions, we have cause to be thankful to God. As far as we could judge, the work done at the penitent form was deep and genuine. A thorough conviction seemed to precede the surrender.

The Colonel.

It is safe to say that the Chief Secretary is of his best. His addresses were of the soul-gripping type. Thoughtful, convincing, full of bite, and delivered with characteristic energy, they commanded the attention



August 7th, 1900.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

According to the news received this morning, from an unofficial source, the allied troops have begun their advance on Pekin. They have reached Peiping, where they had a severe battle with a strong Chinese force, which was ultimately driven back from a well-chosen position. The allied troops lost twelve hundred men in killed and wounded, chiefly Russians and Japanese.—[The Foreign Ministers in Pekin were reported to be active and suspicious, while the Chinese authorities, in another telegram announces that Foreign Ministers had left Pekin for Tien Tsin, —[Allied troops at Peiping are estimated at sixteen thousand.—[The Russians have had repeated fighting with the Chinese troops along the north-easterly border of China.—

railed and attacked twenty miles south of Kienkiangstadt. The Boers captured forty prisoners, but released them at the request of the American Consul-General.—Portugal has dismissed all customs officials and railway employees at Lorenzo Marques, and replaced them by military officers.

—II—

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

Prince Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, second son of Queen Victoria, died at Cobourg, on July 31, of heart failure. The Duke was previously known as the Duke of Edinburgh.—[Four hundred and two British soldiers, plague victims, are reported from London. —[The negro persecutions in New Orleans are still continuing. A fine school for colored children, and a number of the best residences of colored people, have been destroyed.—[Forest fires in Newfoundland have destroyed the town of St. John's. —[Four thousand Paris cab-drivers have gone on strike, demanding a lower rate for running vehicles.—[Lucy Parsons, and five other anarchists, were arrested at Chicago, which caused a considerable commotion. An anarchist, father and son, fell from a precipice in the Swiss Alps, and were killed.—[An attempt was made to assassinate the Shah of Persia, at Paris. The revolver of the offender refused to discharge. The would-be assassin has been arrested.

—II—

CANADIAN NEWS.

The militia had to be called out in connection with the Cotton Mills strike, at Magog, Que.—[Colonel Otter reports that seven hundred of the Canadian forces are now ready for service.—A new vein of mineral water was discovered at Chatsworth, a depth of 484 feet.—[The Cataraqui Power Co. has offered the city of Hamilton, in exchange for the right of way through the city, a first-class line of electric railway to Galt and Guelph.—[Through telegraph communication to Dawson City will be established by October 1st.—[Three hundred Roumanian Jews, who arrived in Montreal by steamer, have been detained there because they have no money of support.—[The thermometer registered a minimum of eight in the shade in Toronto on August 6th, the highest in forty-six years.

MAJOR PICKERING AT HALIFAX.

(By wire.)

A most hearty reception was given to Major Pickering at Halifax. A most noble day's fight was made on Sunday. Good crowds, splendid collections, \$34; and ten souls in the Fountain.—Adj't. Fraser.

MRS. READ'S HALIFAX MEETINGS.

(By wire too late for last issue.)

Successful finale of the Hall tax campaign. Resene and Maternity Homes have been opened with an appreciative representative audience; four denominations were represented by clergy. Chairman, Mr. McIntosh, Church of England Clergyman. Others present were: Dr. McMillan; Dr. Courtney, Editor of the Christian Guardian; Mrs. Archibald, President of the W.C.T.U., and others. Rescue work, Fort Masseys, was recommended. Social meeting, Professor Curry, of Pinchill College, promised co-operation. Financial result of meeting was over two hundred dollars for Homes. The Press gave good reports. Success is assured. Good week-end at Yarmouth.—Mrs. Read.

If sin could not hide its face none but devils would love it.

Warm love burns further than the keenest intellect can pierce.

There is more life in one grain of wheat than there is in a bushel of chaff.



September 29 and 30,

and October 1 and 2.

of all in the audience from the start to finish. It was a moral impossibility for anyone, even with but a small amount of concern about their soul, to escape conviction. The Spirit of God most assuredly rested upon the Colonel and his words were borne right to the heart. Perhaps his strongest point was his ability to draw such powerful illustrations from Samson's fall, that at the altar no less than 21 sought God. The officers present gave a unanimous testimony to the help and blessing received through the Colonel.

The man who will steal chickens is often found hiding behind a hypocrite in the church.

If it is not summer in the heart, it is because we have turned our little world away from God.

The comfort of God is for the nervous of the heart before the battle as well as for its soothing afterwards.

God now and then suffers one man to be thrown into a lion's den in order that millions of others may be kept out.

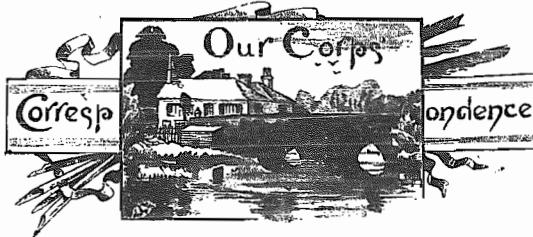
It is hard to convince a worldling that a sin is black clear through, as long as he can hear gold jingling in its pocket.

The massacre of native Christians and Missionaries is still going on.—[Admiral Seymour has landed three thousand British troops for the defence of Shanghai, with the sanction of the Viceroy of Nanking.—[The Russians engaged the Chinese at Hungkow, capturing twenty-four guns and driving four thousand Chinese before them.

—II—

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The surrender of one thousand Boers to General Hunter, which we reported last week, has been followed up by the surrender of several other bodies of Free State Boers. Altogether General Hunter reports over thirty thousand other prisoners; the guns were also surrendered. General de Wet, with his force, is still at large; he is reported to be completely surrounded.—[A number of residents of Pretoria have been exiled for offences against British subjects. The terms of exile vary, in one instance reaching twenty-five years.—[General Baden-Powell is reported to have been wounded in an engagement near Rustenburg.—[The British force advancing against General Transvaal Boer have entrenched themselves in a strong position.—[The Boers expect to make a stand at Machadodorp. They are reported to be short of food and ammunition.—[A train was de-



Some New Furniture.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Week-end meet-
ings led by Adj't Dowell, our new
D. O. Meetings grand, crowds and
collections up, in G. Some said,
"Why, that man must be crazy," when
he was the means of attracting about
600 people around the open-air ring.
Capt. and Mrs. Thompson are making
thugs him in the right direction. Our
barneks is much improved by the ad-
dition of the new chairs and lamps.
Two souls for the week. Come again,
Adj'tant, and bring Mrs. Dowell.—
Minute Pike, See.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND, Nfld.—We
are having beautiful times here. Al-
though we are not getting many souls,
we are praying and believing. Fare-
well meeting on Sunday of Captain
Bishop, who has gone to New Bay.
We pray that God will go with her.—
Lieut. Parsons.

Ice Cream Social.

DAUPHIN.—Had an ice cream social
this week, and cleared \$17.39.
Praise God! There are a number of
our comrades away in the country,
which has lowered our numbers in
the open-air; still we have to thank
God for some who remain and are
fighters. One soul last night.—Capt.
Gen. S. Gamble, C. O.

Ensign Williams Prevented an Accident.

MONTREAL I.—On Thursday nigh-
t, July 26th, we welcomed Staff-Capt.
Burritt, as Chancellor of our Province.
Brigadier Pugnire was master of
ceremonies, and with the co-operation
of old No. 1, comrades, you can reckon
we had a good time. The weather
was hot, and enthusiasm ran high, and
Ensign Williams, who is always
anxious to save an accident, had pro-
vided ice cream and cake as a pre-
ventative on this occasion. On Sun-
day last, in spite of a hard fight, God
gave us one more soul as a reward of
our faithfulness. Old No. 1, is in a
good healthy condition. Our marches
for last week were the largest for
years.—H. Thus, for Ensign and Mrs.
Williams.

This Saint Makes Things Sweet.

LEWISTON, Idaho.—We are marching
on here. Although you don't hear
from us much, yet we are in for vic-
tory. On Wednesdays we have a drink
to help us in the open-air. He helped
us to sing, and then took up a col-
lection for us. May God bless him
as our prayer. On Thursday night
good meeting. One dear man gave his
heart to God. To Him be all the
glory.—Cadet Sweet, for Lieut. Salut.

A Good Start—Three Souls.

ST. JOHNS II., Nfld.—Since our last
report we have welcomed in our
midst our new officer, Ensign Staiger.
Already we feel she is the right per-
son in the right place. Sunday's
meetings were real times of blessing.
We closed at night with three seori-
ers at the cross.—Soline Morgan, R.C.

A Good Send-off.

COATICOOKE.—After a stay of
nearly four months, Capt. Owens re-
ceived orders to farewell. The last
meeting was held Sunday, July 22.
The barracks was packed, and a num-
ber were unable to gain admission.
On the platform were the Rev. C. A.
Sykes, Methodist, and the Rev. J. H.
Hunter, Baptist, both of whom ad-
dressed the meeting and spoke of
their association with the Captain in
a very kingly way. Capt. Owens
sang, "Then I Shall See Him Face
to Face," and spoke a few words of
farewell, and remarked that it was
a welcome meeting he had had to wel-
come him back, thanked God that his
affairs were changed and that souls had been
saved. At the close one soul express-
ed the desire to lead a better life.—
One who was there.

CORNWALL.—At the memorial
service of Mrs. Harrington, Adj't. Os-

again and seek God. However, if
the sinners were defected, we were
not, and we wish to see the speeches
come again.—W. G.

A Novel and Up-to-Date Open Air.

KENTVILLE, N. S.—Saturday night
we had something new in the way of
an open-air. The Nova Scotia Carriage
Co. kindly lent us their large platform
wagon, on which we placed the organ
and then officers and soldiers, with
cornet, violin, and drums, seated
themselves on the wagon, and with
Sister Nicholson at the organ, and
Lieut. McWilliams to drive the horses,
we proceeded to "do" the town. After
passing round the square, we stopped
near the Post Office, where, for an
hour, we carried on a salvation meet-
ing from the wagon. A large crowd
listened attentively and drank in the
truth as it is in Jesus, as it fell from
our lips in song, chorus, and testi-
mony. At the close a number of us
got down from the wagon and held
a prayer meeting, using the drum for
a pentecostal form, though there were no
visible results, as far as the sinners
were concerned, but with rich blessings
to our souls, knowing that the word
will not return void. A. Jess, R. C.

YORKVILLE.—Adj't. Attwell con-
ducted a very profitable and blessed
week-end at this corps. One sister,
after a long search for the open-air,
on Saturday night, found it and
straight away knelt at the drum-head,
where she found salvation, which she
testified to on Sunday. The meetings
all day Sunday, especially the knee-



Capt. Fell, Grafton, N.D.

many souls in their field of labor.
Insing Staiger is with us pro tem,
as the officers who are to come are
having two or three weeks' rest. The
crowds are very small during the hot
weather. We are still marching on
in God's strength, depending on His
for victory. One of our comrades is
leaving soon, having been accepted
for the work. May God's blessing
rest on her wherever she may go. We
pray that God may save someone to
fill her place.—White Wings.

Appy Jo Gives a Good Account of His Corps.

KINMOUNT.—Attensum, f's fruit.
Who sed war ded or yet sleepz.
No, were all alive, an best of all, God
is wiv us. Alleluia! We's jus had a
visit frum Insing Burros, the travel-
in financial speculat. Skippand bi
Kaptin Maggy Howcroft. The set-
ting were grate an inflid in all we
ware thare. Tursday nite at Norland
vane kept a lot of people cum attenda,
but a red god toime was spaeat.
Thursday at Kinmount, we ad a grand
lappin-hair meedin, an god krowd
inside, subjet. "Home, sweet home." We
done so well and ad such a god
meedin that Insing decided to stay
fur Thursday nite, wen another god
krowd came to see the lantern picturs
on Stanly in Afrka, which was reely
interestin, an sum god spirite les-
sons wuz turk frum it. Flumes
over ten dollars, a big lukeose on the
past. Kaptin Howcroft dun god ser-
vice in singlin, an we all say, Kam
agen Insing an Kaptin, wen yous kau.
Last Sunday nite at Norland I dera
sister kann an sort, an we bleve
found, salvaision. May God keep her
true. Look out fur more from this
corner of the feed in the near future.
—Yours in the war, Appy Jo.

MOHIDEN.—The Lord blessed us
much in our Camp Meetings; had
excellent meetings and good crowds,
with a few seeking salvation, some
of them remarkable cases. Hallelujah!—M. S.

Belled in the Open-Air.

BARRE, Vt.—We are still pressing
on towards the Kingdom, and we
don't mean to let up until we get
there. We had very good meetings
on Sunday. Bro. Bell was enrolled
in the open-air meeting at night, in
front of a large crowd. Ensign and
Mrs. Sims have farewelled after la-
boring a little over nine months with
us. We pray that God will bless them
and give them a rich harvest of souls
in their new station.—Zacheus.



S. A. CORPS, NORTH SYDNEY, C.B.

Ivlie farewelled, after a stay of one
year, during which time God had
blessed us in many ways, and best of
all, some precious souls have been
saved. Though the war demands it,
we are sorry to part with one who
has cheered and led us on in the fight
for so long. May God go with her
for her next appointment.—C. E. Ron-
brough, J. S. S.M.

The P. O. and Chancellor.

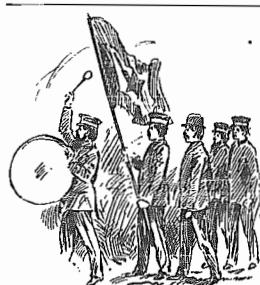
MONTREAL II.—Sunday night we
had Brigadier Pugnire and Staff-
Capt. Burritt, our new Chancellor
with us, and we had a good time.
After a real lively open-air meeting,
which was a blessing, we came to the
hall, where a good crowd was pres-
ent to give them a welcome. The
Staff-Captain announced that he had a
liking for the Point, and as often as
he spoke so well of it, when it was
well hefted know as Capt. Sadie Tupper.
However, we had a real good
time and our faith run high for
victory. Capt. Grose, an old friend, who
is going to Quebec to assist in the
Shelter, also had a few words. Staff-
Captains spoke from Samuel 20, "There
is but a step between me and death."
Brigadier read the lesson, which was
to backsiders especially, being used
"Remember Lot's wife," being used
to show how possible it was to lose
our souls by looking back at some-
thing which we could not keep and
have God's blessing. We went on our
knees and a real fight commenced.
Several souls were under conviction,
and though almost yielding, yet went
away unpardoned, we trust to come

drill, were exceptionally good. Every
soldier was blessed in the open-air
meetings. The Adj'tant received a
hearty welcome to Yorkville, and will
get a better one next time he comes.—
T. J. Meeks, Capt.

NEW WHATCOM, Wash.—Last
Sunday night we had great reason to
rejoice. One son somethin found
Christ to be a personal Saviour.
Praise the Lord! Capt. Miller and
Lieut. Morris having taken charge a
week ago, are delighted with the
prospects, knowing there is victory
all along the way.—Frend.

PORT ARTHUR.—The past week
has indeed been one we can thank
God for. We have had some wonder-
ful meetings, but Sunday was the
crowning time. Gospel shot was fired
with telling effect by both officers
and comrades. In the evening the
hall was packed, and the lesson from
Isaiah III, 5, "With His stripes we
are healed," was dealt with. Oh how
they listened, and how we pleaded
and prayed, and thank God two precious
souls came and sought and found
the Healer of their souls. We wound
up with a praise meeting. One sister
got so happy she could not keep the
tears away, but thank God it was for
joy. Thank God the work is rev-
iving. Hallelujah!—Wm. E. Payton,
Bandsman, for Ensign Hayes.

NELSON, B. C.—Again farewells
officers have come, and our officers,
Capt. Haas and Lieut. Johnson, have
had to say good-bye, to work in an-
other part of God's vineyard. We
pray that God may reward them with



Compel Them to Come in.



The Most Pleasing Finish to Our Meetings.

A Pleasing increase.

MORTON'S HARBOR, Nfld.—Since last report we are able to report victory. God has been blessing us here. Capt. Howell, who has been stationed here for twelve months, has just farewelled, and gone to another part of the field. During his stay here eighty souls have sought and found salvation, thirty have taken their stand as Blood-and-Fire soldiers, and our Junior band has increased from 70 to 400.—J. Reader, Lieut.

GLACE BAY.—Although laboring under a disadvantage of not having any quarters, Ensign Parker's is making things "go" since taking charge. We have had some nice cases of conversion, and the soldiers have been greatly blessed. There is also evidence of change in the temporal affairs. The Indians have suddenly converted and would accept baptism. The inside of the barracks is also taking on a new appearance. The hand is coming well to the front, and will soon be an important factor of the work. Bro. Chas. Cameron, as Bandmaster, is taking a lively interest and is the right man in the right place. The Sunday evening open-air, just started by Ensign Parsons, is proving a complete success. Our officers now have the privilege of free traveling to and from all points of the S. and L., thanks to the kindness of Capt. McLennan.—Sergt.-Major.

MEAIRD.—After six months' stay in MeaIRD, we said good-bye. At our farewell meeting one soul farewelled to the devil. He said he was determined to lead a better life.—Capts. Barker and Darrach.

High Times at St. John's.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—We have just closed a glorious week of victory, with seventeen souls seeking salvation. About five hundred soldiers attended the open-air meetings for the week, and about three thousand people were in attendance at the indoor meetings for same. Total income for week was \$57.67, without a special collection. L. O.'s, bandmen, soldiers, Cadets, and many others are on fire for big times.—J. S. McLean, Adj't.

TRINITY, Nfld.—Although you have not heard from us through the War Cry for a long time, we are still alive, and going in for victory. We had a good time on Sunday; one backsider returned to God, which makes two for the week. We also welcome our new officers, and we are going in together to snub the enemy's ranks. To God be all the glory.—Sergt. John Lucas.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.—Still fighting on, determined to conquer or die. Sergt.-Major, God bless him, was with us for last week-end. It was reported that he was lost, but praise God, he showed up, looking none the worse for his short rations, having to live on banquets and beans for some time. We are having glorious times in spite of mosquitoes and small crowds. Hallelujah! God is with us, who can tell us against us?—Sgt. C. E. C.

The Captain in Indian Costume.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—We are more than delighted for the way the enemy is being routed. Yesterday we had the largest crowd around the open-air meeting for a long time. Capt. Sheard was dressed in Indian costume, and the people stood and listened with ears wide open. Our barracks, despite the heat, was almost full. The Captain's subject for the night was taken from the 10th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and the 13th

Skagway Revisited.

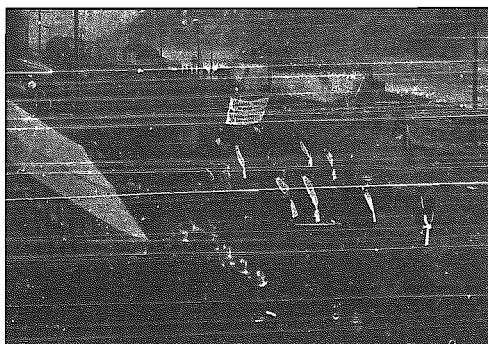
We come bounding along in a first-class car over that well-known spot, called the White Pass, where the miners of the Klondike rush of two and three years ago, with the hope of gathering the golden nuggets, overcame the extreme difficulties connected with the trail. The Klondike trail is all that is now left to mark the spot where men started the ascent, often with a heavy load upon their backs, and, through that wonderful virtue called perseverance, reached the summit.

To-day, "with me, you exclaim, "Wonderful!" as you take your ticket and come, as I said before, bounding along with all the luxuries of a first-class car.

Arriving at the depot I find Adj't. McGill to meet us with his usual smile and say "God bless you," and hurried us off to the quarters, where we are introduced to one old friend, Mrs. McGill. She makes us Klondikers feel quite at home. After supper the writer sought some of the secrets of the dental profession, by having a personal interview, he can't say a pleasant one, but the after effect was O. K. I had the pleasure of attending five open-air and six indoor meetings, and visited a few comrades with the Adj't. Among the latter was one who

Had His Leg Broken

by the pole of a stamping-machine. It did my heart good to hear that



A KLONDIKE ADVERTISING MARC,
Showing the Farewelling and Incoming Officers.

comrade say that under those circumstances God was helping him to trust.

Special mention must be made of the united meeting on Sunday at 3 p.m. The mission comrades were observed to be approaching us on the march and much to our surprise, landed in a reserve of the fighting line. Our adj't. Adj'tant called upon the front rank man, who fired a shot of truth that told upon the enemy. The march had the effect of showing the people that there are no splits in Skagway. With unity there is power. Inside our pent-up feelings exploded to the glory of God. The Lord did bless our souls; we truly drew on the

Hallelujah Magazine

for future encouragements. The dear comrades spoke of the sterling worth of the farewelling Adj'tant and his dear wife, showing the spiritual comradeship that has existed in this place.

The Adj'tant, assisted by the writer, conducted a funeral of a dear man who had died in the hospital. Seven mourners also were there, the Adj'tant myself, and the Undertaker included, and the brother of the deceased, the only relative. What a real, still, and solemn thing is death. Men are ever anxious for everything but preparing to meet their God. What a terrible doom lies awaiting the Christ-rejecter. There is no excuse, for He has died that all may live.—Johnny LeCoq, Capt.

The way to flee from the justice of God is to flee to the God of justice.

Salvation Hand-Bell

Ringers on Tour.

The Salvation Hand-Bell Ringers have just made their appearance in St. John, N. B., under the direction of Major R. O. Pickering, the P. O. The troupe met with great success and put in a profitable time for all concerned. But of the city you shall hear more later on.

We boarded the train at St. John, on Friday, July 20th, bound for Newcastle, N. B. Some people are afraid to set sail on Friday, but not so with us. We did make the people stare, to be sure; they wondered if the world was coming to an end, to see so many Salvationists board the train with guitars, violins, and several loads of other things, but we soon delighted their ears with sweet music all the way down to Moncton. They showed how much they enjoyed it by clapping and oh! leaving the train at Fredericton. A gentleman expressed his regret that we were not going any further with them.

We arrived in Newcastle all right without any accident. The cars were so crowded that the musical wonder and the writer had to sit on the rear car steps nearly all the way up.

On Saturday we started to wake up the town, advertising with two pieces of brass and a drum in a rig—a great thing to draw people. I suppose they thought we were all crazy, but it answered our purpose all right,



Bandsman Archie Close, Brantford, Ont.

Iro. Close was brought to know the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ some five years ago. Previous to this his life had been spent in pleasure-seeking and drinking. Only through the earnestness of the Salvation Army was he made to think of eternal matters, and which eventually culminated in his conversion. Since being saved the Lord has blessed him much. He has been doing work for the band for some three years, and is always found at his post of duty. His heart's desire now is to see those in sin brought to the marvelous light of God.—O. Shoemaker.

again. Everyone voted it grand. Some of our Newcastle comrades, with Capt. and Mrs. Thompson, came down. They said they enjoyed themselves so much in Newcastle that they could not stay away, knowing the troupe was so near at hand. The hand-bell ringing charmed them all.

Our thanks are due to Capt. McEachern, Lieut. Wyman, and Comrades of Chatham for their kindness to the troupe. The Captain and Lieutenant have a hard row to hoe, but they will come out on top. The meetings of the Hand-Bell Ringing Troupe have been successful financially and spiritually. Some crows say we are not going to prosper, but God is for us, and who can be against us?

We leave Chatham to-day for Campbellton, and will let you have a report every week. Mr. Editor.—T.

A Brandon Comrade Gone to be with Jesus.

It is our sad duty to record another death from Brandon. Effie Guilliford. For some months she has been suffering from that terrible disease, consumption. She had been a bright soldier for some time, but for awhile got into darkness. Before she passed away, however, she was brought nearer to God, and died with the knowledge that she was going to be with Jesus. Her last words to an officer who visited her were, "If we never meet on earth, meet me in heaven." She was taken away to Carlisle for interment.—E. Hayes.

The Shelter from the Storm.

It has been said by a great poet, that great characters and great souls are like mountains—they always attract the storms; upon their heads break the thunders, and around their bare tops flash the lightning and the seeming wrath of God. Nevertheless, they form a shelter for the plains beneath them. "The nervous, saffron-buds in illustration in the lowliest saddle and the world has ever had living in it—the Lord Christ. Higher than all men, around His head seemed to beat the very storms of sin; yet beneath the shelter of His great, consoling, sustaining Spirit, what lowly people, what humble souls, what poor hearts, as to wisdom, what sucklings as to the world's truth, have gained their life in this world and eternal rest in God.—George Dawson.

It will hurt you more to live a day without prayer than to live it without bread.

HALIFAX'S WEEK OF VICTORY.

Lt.-Col. Mrs. Read Conducts Successful Campaign.

New Maternity and Rescue Home Opened—Many Denominations Represented—Doctors of Divinity Talk—Fourteen Souls at the Cross—Over \$200 for the Rescue Work—Press Report Well—Future Bright.

For some time past all the city Salvationists, especially the Women's Social Department, have been eagerly looking forward to, and preparing the way for, the coming visit of the Women's Social Superintendent, which was to be attended by a week's special meetings, and also by the opening of the new Rescue and Maternity Home.

At length the 19th came, upon which the Lieutenant-Colonel was to arrive and commence the series of meetings. Staff-Capt. Jost had arranged a nice quiet tea and social gathering for officers only, at the new Home, on Thursday afternoon, where a very pleasant hour was spent.

The welcome meeting was held in No. 1 barracks. When the marsh and open-air were concluded we found a good crowd of appreciative people gathered. The meeting was conducted by Adj't. Fraser in his usually happy way. Short addresses were given by different representative officers. Capt. McElheney, of Dartmouth, spoke on behalf of the officers of the District. Ensign Collier on behalf of the Army's Social work. Adj'ts. Jost and McDonald represented the Women's Social, and Mrs. Adj't. Fraser the Staff. After these greetings the Colonel announced that she had some pleasant duties to perform, and, of course, all listened attentively to hear what was to come. Mrs. Read then called upon Cadet Clark, and promoted her to the rank of Lieutenant. Volleys! Drums! Horns! Voices! "But," said the Colonel, "I have still another happy duty," and referring to Adj't. Jost's faithfulness and toil, which had been crowned by so much success, she said she had pleasure, in the name of the Commissioner, in promoting her to the rank of Staff-Captain. Louder volleys, and many a "God bless you!"

Capt. Peirce soloed, and then Mrs. Read rose with loud applause to give a Bible reading. She read of Christ, in His different attitudes to the people, teaching us all that He is always interested in us, whatever our need may be. After a short prayer meeting we closed, feeling that the campaign had a good beginning.

Next announcement was a mid-night open-air battle to be fought in Albemarle Street. So on Friday night, at 10:30 o'clock prayers and songs could be heard in the vicinity of No. 1 barracks, to go down where "the vilest may be found." What shall I say of the scene? I had rather that the task of reporting had fallen into more capable hands, or, if I must report, I would rather draw the curtain over this part of pass on to more happy and pleasant gatherings. But facts are facts and stenches too. The march battled on one of the worst parts of this ill-reputed street, and Adj't. Fraser, assisted by Ensign Collier, kept the meeting going. Crowds flocked from the saloons and dens

a meeting in a Mission Hall, which was kindly lent. The meeting closed at 1 a.m., with a big man, who was a big sinner, in the fountain. He testified, with tearful eyes, that he had once loved and served God, but like so many others, had wandered far away. He said he believed it was God Who led him to the meeting that night.

Ladies' Meeting, Fort Massey.

The meeting on Saturday afternoon in the Fort Massey Church, was well attended by ladies, there being a large number present. Mrs. McIntosh, President of the Board of Management of the Infants' Home, presided, and after Mrs. Read's address, other ladies spoke warmly of the work. A good offering was secured.

* * *

The Colonel had kindly consented to speak to the men at the Harbor on Sunday, at 9:45 a.m., but, through heavy overwork with the heavy strain of her tour, she was unable to do so much, to the disappointment of both officers and men.

A good crowd assembled at 11 a.m. for the holiness meeting. The Colonel's talk on "Equipment for Service," was beyond description, and cannot fail to bring about good results.

A forty-five-minute meeting at the jail had been specially arranged by Ensign Collier, and at 2 p.m. Mrs. Read, accompanied by a few workers, entered the jail corridor, in which all the male inmates were assembled. Sergt.-Major Collins introduced the Colonel. Ensign Collier gave out a song from the Cry, and then the Colonel prayed and Captain Penry joined. Mrs. Read soloed from Bro. Ford, we held a short prayer service, and five men held up their hands for prayer, which delighted all our hearts.

At No. 1 barracks a large crowd had assembled, in spite of it being the hottest day of the season, to hear of the League of Mercy and Prison work. The Colonel spoke at some length, and many were moved to tears as she told of the touching scenes with which she had personally come in contact, and of some of the great results which had been accomplished.

The night was very sultry, and the building was packed, but the Colonel was at her best. The theme was "Boundless Salvation," and real conviction came to many hearts while the Colonel spoke, going from one truth to another to show in what way salvation was so great. She said it made martyrs strong in suffering, the soldier boys strong in battle, and the old strong in death, and urged upon all present to neglect no longer the claims of Christ upon them. Ensign Collier took charge of the prayer meeting, which lasted two hours. It was a fight from beginning to end; the enemy was in full strength because he could feel that many of his faithful ones, some for the first time, were almost persuaded to surrender to the King of Kings. We prayed, we sang, we believed. The gun on Citadel Hill told of 9:30 o'clock, but none had yellded, although the barracks was full of struggling, convicted souls. At last a woman came, then a little later a fine, stalwart man coolly walked out, then a Royal Artilleryman, in full uniform, who had wept for half-an-hour on his seat, burst from the back of the hall and threw himself out and fell down on the Mercy Seat. We rejoiced. Then another sister, and in a few minutes a blue-jacket came, leading a friend, from almost the back of the hall, and side by side they wept out their hearts' sorrows in the ear of Him Who always listens. And just when these had testified, and we had sung, and danced, and shouted, a dear man left his wife in the seat and dropped at the penitent form, and we all set to work to pray and help him. When Capt. Parsons went to deal

with him he said, "I want my wife to come." He soon found pardon, because he came in the right way, and to the right place. He rose to his feet, told of his determination and decisions, and then immediately went to try and bring his wife, but she would not yield. They were prayed and went to our homes. Thus ended one of the best Sundays No. 1 has seen for many a day.

Dartmouth's Social Meeting.

All the city and Dartmouth Salvationists united in the Monday night Social meeting at the Dartmouth Methodist Church. The meeting, which was well attended, was presided over by His Worship Mayor L. Lewis of Dartmouth. After a hymn and prayer by the pastor of the church, the chairman introduced the speaker of the evening.

The Colonel dealt with the Women's Social from various standpoints, and the stories of sin and suffering, and also of grace and victory, were remarkable, and interested her audience until a late hour.

Staff-Capt. Jost spoke of the local work and asked for a collection, which was cheerfully given. At the close of the meeting some ladies presented the Colonel with a beautiful bunch of cut roses.

Fort Massey Church.

Tuesday night found us at Fort Massey Church, Halifax, for another Social meeting. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Currie, Professor of Theology at the Prince Hill College, who ably "filled the bill." The Doctor spoke in glowing and yet sincere terms of the great work of the Army's Social operations, and introduced Mrs. Read. The Colonel gave an address dealing with the cause of the need for the Home, and the remedy, and the success of the Army's efforts. Mr. James McIntosh said some most practical things regarding finances, and after singing and prayer this interesting meeting came to a close. The Principal of the Prince Hill College, and many other leading people were present and manifested the deepest interest.

The Homes Opened.

Wednesday, the finale, clouds hung over the city and drops of rain came now and then, and many feared that the weather was not going to be the most favorable for the opening of the new Home, which was to take place at 4:30 in the afternoon. For some hours before the time visitors, who could not remain for the meeting, had been passing through the rooms and hallways, inspecting the Home, having a word with the bright-faced children and other inmates. As the time went by the clouds and fog became thicker and more threatening than before, but the friends and sympathizers came, and at the time of meeting a good representative crowd thronged the rooms set apart for the meeting.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Jos. McIntosh, who called upon the Rev. Mr. McMillan, of Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, to open the Home with a prayer. Then the chairman gave an address which was one of the most practical for such an occasion. He said he had often heard of the Siamese twins which were inseparable, and he remarked that this was a good illustration of it. He said that the object of this double Home was not to prevent but to cure. The preventing should be done in the Sunday Schools and churches. He regretted that the city should need such an institution, but it was nevertheless true that it did. He wished every lady and gentleman present to view things that day from a business standpoint, and to remember that neither the inmates, children, officers nor nurses could live on wind and water, and that neither a grocer, butcher, nor baker would take a fine, bright boy or girl out of a Home as payment for their bills. They might be led to do so once, but they would not like to keep on month after month. He also reminded all present that outside of this Home there was no other place in the city, except Rockhead Prison, to which this class of people could be sent. He also spoke very briefly of the large percentage of satisfactory cases. He then introduced Mrs. Read.

The Colonel spoke of the success of similar work in other cities where it had been carried on in this way. She told many interesting incidents of Rescue work, and in speaking of the future of the

Testimonies "All Over the Shop."

Home, she said she wanted the officers to be free from as many financial burdens as possible, so as to be able to devote all the more time to the work which lay nearest to their hearts.

Mrs. Read also read a congratulatory message from the Commissioner, expressing her confidence in the work, and conveying her greetings and good wishes to all.

When the chairman rose he said any lady or gentleman who had anything practical to say, to have a word. The Rev. Mr. Archibald, an Episcopalian minister, rose from his place and said he had been much pleased with the address Mrs. Read had heard, and assured Mrs. Read that the others would come forward with their support. He said he believed in the work of the Army, and spoke of a case of rescue in which he had been interested at Rockhead Prison, and of the help he had received at the hands of Salvationists. He urged on all present to be practical in their sympathy, and told a story of a meeting of the Synod in Ireland, when a brother lost his purse. One after another expressed their sympathy until at last an old minister rose and said, "I sympathize with our brother to the extent of a five-pound note," and in conclusion he would say that he sympathized with the new Home to the extent of \$100.

Rev. Dr. McMillan, of the Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, said he was sorry he could not do as his friend, but as the pastor of not a wealthy congregation, he would guarantee the usual thanksgiving offering from his church to the Rescue Home to be devoted this year, and he would give a personal donation into the bargain.

Mr. John Burgoyne, of the Halifax Herald, was the next speaker. He said he regretted not to be able to say as his two predecessors had said, but he was sure that if the people of Halifax would do as he had done, namely, walk around from room to room, and look in the faces and talk with the poor little children, he would have difficulty in maintaining the Home. He compared the future of the children cared for in this Home with that of the street welf. He spoke of how appropriate was the name, "Rescue," for such a Home, especially carried on by the Salvation Army, and said he thought the words Rescue and Salvation were another pair of Siamese twins. Mr. Burgoyne is an old supporter of the Salvation Army work, and guaranteed that the future would receive more attention than ever, and that he would also see all the influence he could in aiding the sympathy and practical help of his friends.

Rev. Dr. Courtney, Editor of the Methodist Canadian Guardian, of Toronto, was the next speaker. He said he was a stranger to all present, except that he had met Mrs. Read in Toronto. He assured the citizens that what he had seen of the Army's Rescue Work in Toronto made his feel quite safe in saying that their best hopes would be realized in this new Home, and they would find it a work worthy of their support and confidence.

Mrs. Chas. Archibald, a well-known Christian lady, and President of W. C. T. U., spoke next. She told of her love for the work of Rescue, of her visits to the sick and infirm, and of personal interviews with many fallen women. She said that the citizens who would not, or could not, or were not consecrated enough to do this work themselves, should support it by their money and friendship. This lady is also an old friend of the Army, and she said that in the future work, that she said that in the future quarter subscriptions would be doubled. Mrs. Archibald said she felt sure that all who attended that Rescuse service would go away humbled and think that so little had been done, and that all Christians should go home



The Boom of the Drum Brings Them Out of the Saloon.

of iniquity as the music and song broke forth on the beautiful midnight air, mingled with the oaths and curses and the giddy laugh and song of the inhabitants and frequenters of these places of vice. The Colonel sent out small attacking parties to visit in and out among the girls, while she herself went with one party, and I understood that some who trifled most at the first were forced at last to admit that they were very unhappy indeed. We had two large open-air meetings and Mrs. Read led



pray for the success of the new undertaking.

Miss Bartlett, a City Missionary, was the last speaker. She said she would have many pleasant memories of that day's gathering.

Staff-Capt. Jost read the Balance Sheet for the past six months. The closing prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Archibald, and all felt, as many groups of officers and friends chatted for a few minutes together, that a very profitable time had been spent.

The present financial result of the meeting was \$170, making over \$200 for the Homes through Mrs. Read's meetings. All the city papers have lengthy reports of the opening of the Home.

The pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle gave some good ideas of how to get the different churches interested in the Home. His proposals ran on this line, that an evening be set apart for each congregation to visit the Home, and have a nice bright service of some sort, so as to enlist the sympathies of the church people. He said he would bring his congregation to begin with, which kind offer was accepted by Mrs. Read, and an evening will be set apart for the congregation of the Tabernacle, Wednesday night.

Farewell Meeting.

The wind-up was at No. I. The week seemed much too short for us all. A good crowd was present for the last words. The meeting, led by Adj't. Fraser, was of a lively nature. Mrs. Capt. McElheney soloed. Capt. Butler, of the new Maternity Home, spoke of her work, and said she was happy behind the scenes. Miss Bartlett, City Missionary, had a few words, and then Mrs. Read asked for a collection. Adj't. Fraser thanked our friends for the blessing of the week's campaign. Eustis Collier and Capt. Pearcey sang a duet. Adj't. Fraser spoke, and the Colonel read the 23rd Psalm, dwelling on all the points. The Prayer meeting was led by Eustis Collier, and one sister came home to God. We sang "God be with you till we meet again." Adj't. Fraser prayed, and we gathered round the Colonel for a last handshake. Thus we closed one of the best week's meetings the writer has ever been privileged to attend, feeling that a better and more lasting impression for god had been left on the people of Halifax than had been known for a long time if, indeed, ever before. We say unanimously, "Come again, soon."

He was the Only One in His Company that was not Taken Down Sick.

So much for the salvation of our God. Treas. Graber was converted among the Free Methodists, but his wife being a Salvationist, and falling in love with the Army himself, he became a soldier under Capt. Norwood. He is a German by birth, a cook by trade, and has lived in Spokane about eleven years. His wife, with himself, is a thorough Salvationist, and was converted under Capt. Bigley, and they are training their children for God and the war.

Secretary Southwood has just returned from Cape Nome, where his brother went a few months ago to tramp for gold. "Bent Diggins," as they had it, made the most of time in starting out for that distant land, his brother, who had started to erect a dwelling, had to abandon the putting on of the roof, remarking that in all probability he would be able to cover the same with gold when he returned; but he is of the opinion that shingles are quite good enough now. The Secretary was converted in Spokane in '92, under Eustus McAbee, and has been a soldier ever since. He loves the S. A.

The J. S. work has progressed very favorably under the leadership of Sergt.-Major Forey and his aides, Sergt. Coniver, Kelly and Hutchison. The Sergt.-Major is of Dutch extraction, and was saved while

fore I have only given an insight into the lives of a few of its soldiers, but there are other good, steady, faithful warriors, without which the corps could not exist, especially in the West.

The new officers, Adj't. Babington, Capt. Noble, Lt.-Col. John J. M. did a good work during the eight months they were stationed here, when over one hundred souls knelt at the Mercy Seat, amongst them being some tough characters, and, thank God, many are remaining true, some in Spokane and some scattered in different parts of the country.

A few months ago a bicycle thief knelt at the penitent form, and there confessed to making \$40 and \$50 per night. For the same he is now putting in term of three years in the State Penitentiary, the jailor telling me that it was hardly his own evidence that convicted him. The first time had the privilege of speaking to him before he went away, he told me he was keeping nicely saved.

A young fellow who had been attending the Business College came to the meetings and got properly saved, donned the Army cap and S's, and there lived such a consistent life that his father wanted him to stay longer in the city, under the influence of the Army, his teacher also testifying to the change; he is now with his father on the farm a few miles out of Spokane, and takes charge of the Epworth League in the church near by. He promises to make an officer. Two

Walking became more and more difficult to him; the least excitement in a meeting affected his heart, and his visits to the International Headquarters became less and less. The town he had not seen for days drizzled him much. Last Tuesday, he intended to be present as usual at the afternoon meeting of the Cadets, but Commissioner Rees, foreseeing the exhaustion and danger that might follow by his presence, begged him not to come, to which the Commissioner reluctantly consented. The meeting had scarcely begun, however, when the Commissioner's venerable form appeared. Throwing himself into the armchair he whispered to Commissioner Rees, "I feel I had to come," and then after a few moments did something. His characteristic ready forbade him to push himself forward, but on this particular occasion he asked to be allowed to take Major Bennett's place in the reading, for, said he, "I have a message which I must read. God gave me the message last night, and has sent me to deliver it." His request was cheerfully complied with, and adds Commissioner Rees, "Seldom, if ever, did he speak as he did then, with more tenderness and spiritual yearning from the word 'Full of faith, and the Holy Ghost'."

On the following Thursday he went down to our Farm Colony at Hadleigh, for a few days' change and rest, intending to return to London on Saturday afternoon, when she was alarmed at his symptoms.

Dr. Grant, who had prescribed for him shortly after his arrival on the Colony, was sent for at once; but both he and Brigadier Mann, by a strange intuition, were already on the way to Park House, where the Commissioner was staying.

On the Brigadier entering the room, the Commissioner said, "Hold me up!" and as he with the assistance of Mrs. Dowdle—utterly exhausted by nights of nursing—attempted to do so, the name of our General gave way, and his voice distinctly cried,

"A few minutes afterwards the doctor arrived, and going up to the bedside and touching the Commissioner's pulse, pronounced that his heart had just ceased to beat. Peacefully, quietly, the warrior laid down his sword, and entered through the veil.

The intelligence soon spread throughout the Colony, and many were the ready, loving hearts to rally to Mrs. Dowdle's help.

The General was immediately informed of the Commissioner's death, and he wired what has been accepted as the verdict of all who knew Commissioner Dowdle. "He has fought a good fight, he has won the crown."

The General, to signify the sense of the loss the Army has sustained on earth by the death of the Commissioner, and love and admiration for his character and service, will conduct the memorial services.

The first service took place in the Congress Hall on Saturday, at 2 p.m., from which the body was carried to Hadleigh Park Cemetery.—A. M. N.

The General in person was to conduct the funeral, details of which have not reached us yet, but we expect to give a full account of it in our next issue.

or three old pensioners of the G. A. R. have also knelt for pardon, and now, with others, testify to the power of God to save.

The new officers, Staff-Capt. Gait and Capt. Ledrew, have taken well at the corps, and with the piano and the barrel organ on the street, this is not to boast. May the old chariot roll on faster than ever until many more shall know of God's pardoning love.

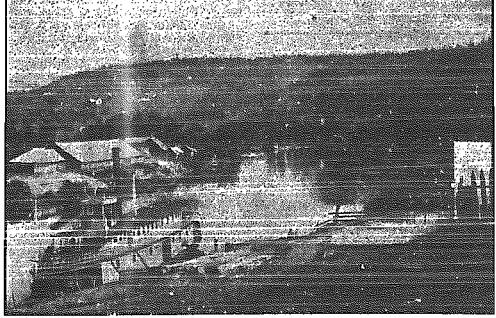
Commissioner Dowdle HOME AT LAST.

Called from Our Hadleigh Social Colony
to His Mansion in the Skies.

The Funeral-Memorial Services are to be
Led by the General.

James John Dowdle, by the grace of God Commissioner of the Salvation Army, a giant of faith, a preacher of righteousness, a winner of thousands of souls, and a true soldier of the Blood-and-Fire principles of a conquering Christianity, entered into his eternal rest last Saturday. The event, in the nature of its suddenness, was not unexpected. For several years our beloved comrade was in failing health; more than once he reached the banks of the river and saw, in visions, the glories of the land on the other side. But his Master, in answer to prevailing faith, continued to spare his servant to undergo fresh trials and work triumphs for Him. For the last two or three weeks those who were closely associated with him discerned that the end was not far

A lady working among the villagers in India writes: "The women in these villages, our fellow-subjects and our sisters, lead the saddest and most hopeless lives possible. They are not shut up in zenanas, but have their freedom, but, oh! what joyless lives they lead! Their husbands are the most brutal and ill-treated as nothing but their wives. If you see a man and his wife walking along the road, you will always see the man in front, carrying nothing, and his poor wife walking a little way behind, carrying everything. A sweetmeat seller came here one day, with his wife, to sell sweets. When they were going away he littered the great, flat, heavy basket, full of sweets, on to his wife's head; then put a bundle on that, and some heavy scales as well, and walked off carrying nothing himself."



VIEW ON ST. JOE RIVER, NEAR SPOKANE.

PACIFIC FORTS.

(Continued from page 5.)

soul, when he returned from the war, he replied he was better than ever; the grace of God was abundantly able to keep even there. While there he saw some terrible sights, but what grieved him most was the sin of his godless commandments. It was said that the only preventative against sickness in that climate was the continual use of tobacco, but our comrade testifies that he had no desire whatever for the use of it; and further states that, as far as he can remember,

studying in his room at Kaliwall, Mont. He is a good musician, and besides being the hand-master of the corps band, he taught and traveled with the Provincial Band a year or so ago; his occupation is architectural drafting. Before he was saved he studied philosophy a good deal, and was a theosophist, but the first thing he did when God convicted him of sin was to look for

A People Who Were Carrying Into Effect

the Principles of Jesus Christ.

He came to the conclusion that the Army was the nearest approach to this, and so decided to cast in his lot with us. He did so, and has been a good soldier ever since.

Space will not permit a too lengthy account of the corps in detail, there-

COMPETITION CHAT

Nigger is Getting Ahead of Mag—Arab Does Well to Get into a Livelier Trot—The Incurrigible East Playing Truant Again.

By SILAS SELLQUICK.

Well done, Arab! You are a fine blood and acquitting yourself well. You are not caught napping. Nigger was making a fine move, but found you wide awake.

—♦—

Nigger, my darling, I have always had a warm spot for you in my heart, even though you have been slow to move of late; but I see you are warming up to the game now. Keep at it! Perseverance gains the day; it means steady, unreeling, hard push, but it will bring the triumph. I feel it!

—♦—

Mag, oh, Mag! Why do you drift behind like this? You slackened only three paces, yet it cost you the second place. Come up again, Mag, to the old mark.

—♦—

The East is absent again, but, alas! not forgotten! What a humiliation to have to leave out a Province which has so many fine boomers! The boys, dear Eastern hustlers, that your names have been missed out twice in succession, but you know the remedy. (Whisper:—Ask the P. O., if you don't.)

—♦—

Among the individual competitors, Capt. Gibson of Arab's Province takes the lead with 159. Next comes the famous Prairie lass, Cadet Cook, of Winnipeg, with 174. The Yeomans sisters, Lieut. Parker of the Central, and Lieuts. McEwan and Thompson, of East Ontario, are all abreast in the third row, with 150 sales. We gladly notice the Pacific Champion, Sister Hawkins, of Great Falls, with 123 copies sold.

—♦—

God bless you all, my dear hustlers, I am sure the knowledge of your accomplishments, and the good done through it, has its own sweet reward.

—♦—

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London	189
Sister Yeomans, Brantford	159
Sgt. Yeomans, Brantford	159
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	124
Capt. Holloman, Chatham	120
Lieut. Burner, Leamington	100
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	109
Ensigh Green, Windsor	90
Capt. Heeter, Stratford	85
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas	83
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	80
Capt. Green, Windsor	80
Capt. Williams, Galt	80
Lieut. Kinckle, Galt	80
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	76
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	72
Capt. Ringler, Simcoe	72
Capt. Fife, Sarnia	70
Capt. Holliet, Wingham	70
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	68
Sister McDougal, Guelph	65
Lieut. Scott, Goderich	60
Sergeant Allen, Mitchell	60
Capt. Howcroft, Stratford	60
Lieut. Edwards, Stratford	60
Capt. Campbell, Paris	55
Ensigh Walkfield, London	55
Ensigh Gumble, Wallaceburg	52
Mrs. Sykes, Stratford	52
Sister Foster, Petrolia	50
Lieut. Fenemey, Blenheim	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeview	50
Lieut. Stickells, Sarnia	48
Fred Palmer, London	46
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Scarforth	46
Lieut. Groome, Clinton	43
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	42
Lieut. Maisey, Hespeler	42
Lieut. Greenwood, Berlin	40
Sister Schuster, Berlin	40
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	40
Mrs. Harris, London	40
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	40

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

84 Hustlers.

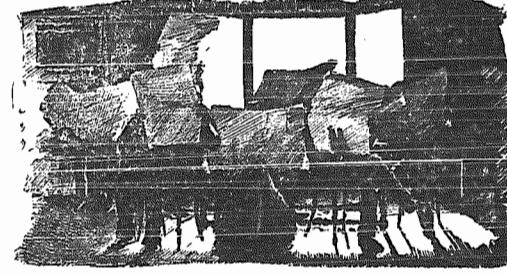
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	150
Adjt. Moore, St. Catharines	100
Sister Bowmen, Tilsonburg	95
Noelle Richards, Lindsay	60
Ensigh Blenk, Parry Sound	60
Lieut. Bow, Owen Sound	60
Lieut. Porter, Barrie	60
Capt. M. Hinton, Oakville	60
Capt. Blant, Omemee	55
Ensigh Hyde, Lindsay	55
Ensigh Walker, Richmond St.	50
Lieut. Bushey, Richmond St.	50
Lieut. Lamb, Fenelon Falls	50
Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	50
Lieut. Marskell, Peterborough	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Capt. Darrach, Meaford	50
Capt. Remule, Sudbury	50
Lieut. Pattenden, Sudbury	50
Capt. Craig, Hamilton	50
Capt. McCann, Collingwood	48
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingwood	48
Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	48
Lieut. Bone, Bracebridge	48
Capt. White, Riverside	48

READERS IN THE C. O. P. LIBRARY: "Well, now, hasn't Nigger got a move on this week? It looks as if he is in for getting ahead of Arab. We will watch him closely."

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

79 Hustlers.

Lieut. McThompson, Ottawa	150
Mrs. Ensign Wynne, Picton	125
Capt. O'Neill, St. Albans	105
O. S. M. Ven, Barre	100
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Kingston	100
Ensigh Ottawa, Ottawa	100
Sgt. Rogers, Montreal I.	95
Capt. A. Crego, Cobourg	95
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	95
Mrs. Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	95
P. S. M. Hine, Montreal I.	95
Capt. Yale, Deseronto	78
Capt. Wilson, Port Hope	78
Capt. Moore, Montreal I.	70
Capt. Jones, Burlington	70
Ensigh Yerex, Brockville	70
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	70
Capt. Grose, Prescott	70
Capt. Carter, Belleville	70
Sgt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Capt. Green, Perth	60
Sgt. Raymond, Barr	50
Sgt. Ilpuren, Barre	50
Lieut. Hoole, Port Hope	50
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	50
Sgt. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
J. S. S. M. McEwan, Arnprior	50
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	48
Lieut. Tilley, Brockville	47



EST vs. WEST.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

35 Hustlers.

Cadet Cook, Winnipeg	174
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	165
Sgt. Major Curtis, Rat Portage	155
Cadet McDowell, Rat Portage	155
Ensigh Taylor, Calgary	90
Cadet Moran, Rat Portage	75
Lieut. Gamble, Medicine Hat	65
Mrs. Adjt. MacMunn, Winnipeg	51
Adjt. Bradley, Portage la Prairie	50
Capt. Stokous, Moose Jaw	50
Capt. Barriger, Fort William	47
Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert	45
Capt. Gamble, Dauphin	45
Capt. Cromarty, Selkirk	45
Capt. McRae, Fort William	44
Lieut. Custer, Regina	43
Capt. Chariton, Calgary	40
Capt. Potter, lethbridge	40
Capt. Mitchell, lethbridge	40
Capt. Quint, Portage la Prairie	35
Ensigh Hayes, Port Arthur	33
Capt. Hall, Lillooet	31
Capt. Fell, Grafton	30
Lieut. Muiler, Minot	30
Cadet Price, Winnipeg	28
Sgt. Mrs. Burrows, Morden	28
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	25
Uncle Dan Rose, Neepawa	23
Capt. Mercer, Moosomin	21
Capt. McRae, Emerson	21
Cadet Oxenrider, Rat Portage	20
Lieut. Cook, Grafton	20
Capt. Askin, Hanmer	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.

Sister Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	120
Capt. Ziebarth, Butte	125
Sgt. Glea, Butte	85
Capt. Krell, Vancouver	81
Capt. Stevens, Rossland	80
Capt. Gain, Revelstoke	80
Capt. Johnson, Spokane	78
Sister McDougall, Helena	75
Capt. McRae, Missoula	75
Capt. Fuller, Missoula	62
Capt. Hill, New Westmin	61
Capt. Scott, Victoria	61
Sister Wallender, Radium	60
Sgt. Moody, Vancouver	60
Sarah Bailey, Port Essington	60
Capt. Perrenoud, Kamloops	60
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane	60
Sister Ade Lewis, Victoria	60
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	60
Sister Knudson, Helena	55
Capt. Neabit, Missoula	55
Bro. Preston, Spokane	55
Sister Thomas, Spokane	55
Capt. Thoen, Rossland	55
Capt. Langill, Kamloops	55
Sister Little, Victoria	55